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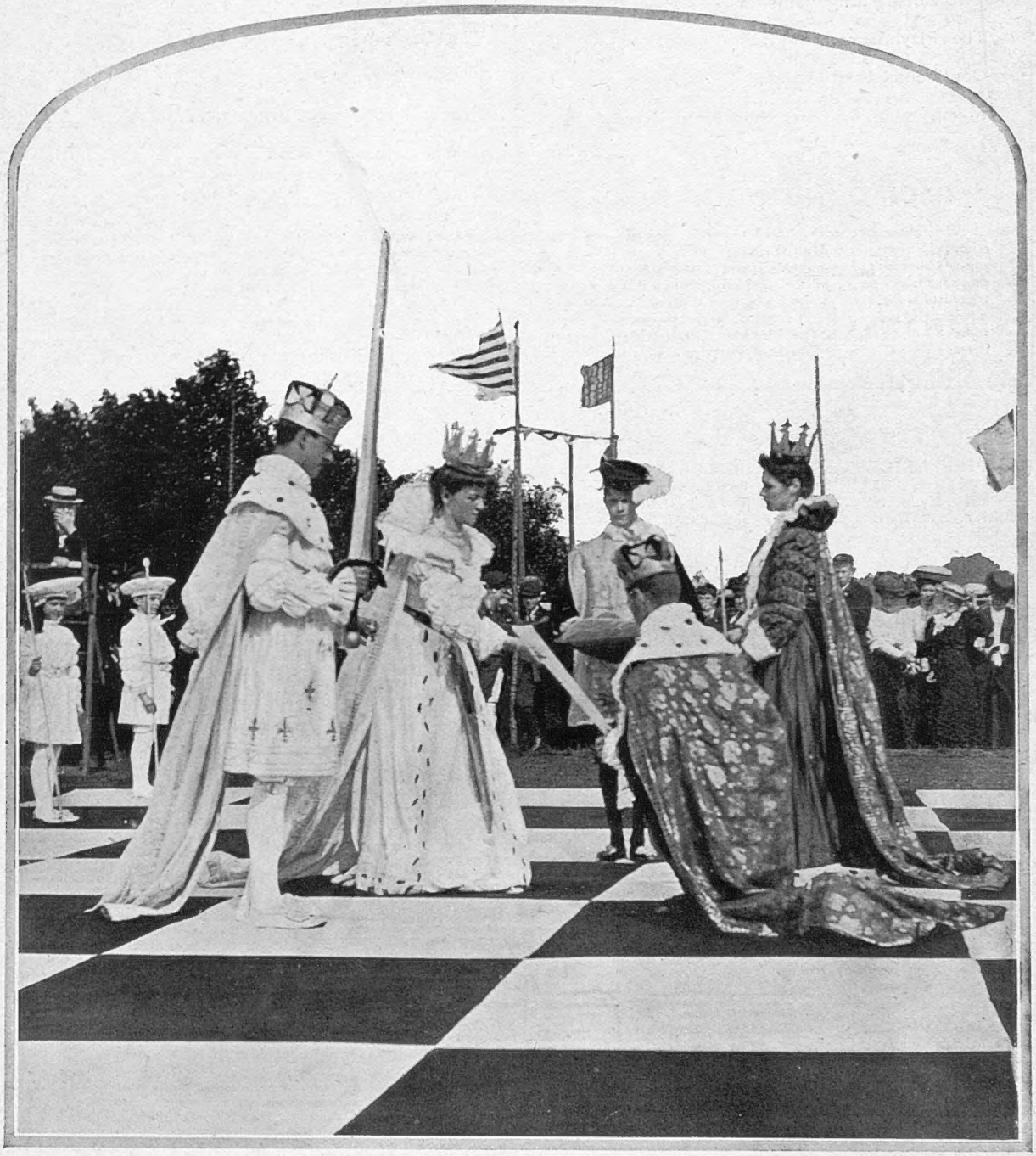

Photo *H. E. Hatt*

Living Chess at Tiverton—Check-Mate!

A picturesque annual spectacle, which took place last week, in the presence of a highly interested audience. This is a form of "Pageantry" which, while extremely graceful to the eye, because of the colour and movement, combines both a spectacular and a sporting interest. The games are, of course, perfectly genuine, and a real test of skill between the rival players

No. 187.—Vol. XV.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE.

GAMES AND PASTIMES.

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday July 3, 1907

The Registrar-General published a Blue-book last week which ought to make us all proud and happy. It shows that we live longer than our grandfathers. Not much. It only comes to a few minutes when you work it out. But what a lot can be done in a few minutes, properly applied. You can read the *Daily Mail*, work out a plan for reforming the House of Lords—really reforming them into a nice kind House—take out an Ideal Policy, and in many ways be one up on Grandpa, as the Americans call it. If the Registrar has any grandchildren, they will be able to patronise him—out of his own book.

* * *

The one fly in the ointment is that women live three years longer than men. That is because we take such care of them, I suppose, and don't allow them to vote. The Suffragists will change all that, no doubt, and women will no longer live such a time. Or else we shall be cut off even earlier than our grandfathers. You never know.

* * *

"A tall and graceful peeress" has opened a shop in Baker Street, and conducts it personally. It is a creditable move on the peeress's part, but we trust it will not become the fashion among duchesses to serve in shops. Democratic people would find it trying to have to explain—"I'm much obliged to your Grace, but I'd rather have my farthing than the packet of pins." And ladies who like to have everything in the shop turned out before they buy (or don't buy) anything, would feel embarrassed if the countess serving them began to look tired.

* * *

The latest musical prodigy plays the harp—says one of the daily papers—"with contemptuous ease." The phrase is a striking one, and reminds us of Italian organ-grinders. It is just that contemptuous ease that makes us so—so passionate. And to think that quite a child should have the same power of moving us!

* * *

Why, in hunting, the tall hat is *de rigueur* with the pink coat is explained by Colonel Meysey-Thompson, in "A Hunting Catechism," as due to the belief that it is the safest sort of head-gear to fall on from a horse. This does not explain why the tall hat is also *de rigueur* still in City circles. Surely business men do not go about in a constant fear of falling from a motor-'bus?

* * *

We are somehow glad that we are not the youthful offenders upon whom the Liverpool Recorder recently passed a sentence of two years' imprisonment, for the purpose, he said, of trying the Home Office system of reformation; and we cannot help thinking that the youthful offenders in question are likely to express the wish that Home Officials would try their experiments on themselves.

Why He Did Not Win the Scripture Prize

CURATE: "And what did the Priest do in the Temple?"

BOY: "Burned insects!"

(By F. J. Dodge)

* * *

True, the Recorder hoped that if the system was found to be a failure, the cases would be reconsidered. But if the offenders have become criminals by the end of their two years, what then? The only sort of reconsideration they are likely to get is four years for the next offence.

* * *

Constantinople is threatened with an earthquake at the end of this month, and the seismologist who prophesies it recommends inhabitants to take to the open as soon as it begins. The advice is all very well, but then the beginnings of earthquakes by night are often mistaken for passing vans. And the idea of turning out in pyjamas with a basin and so forth, and making for the open country (because they hear a van passing), is not one likely to appeal to the stately Turks. Besides, they would probably be captured by brigands if they did. It is a nasty dilemma that the seismologist has put them in.

* * *

A pleasing feature of the King's garden-party—according to the *Morning Post*—was the frank footing on which all sorts of people met. "A Labour Member might have been seen chatting to a Duke." Why not? Labour Members are not so stand-offish as the *Post* supposes. This particular one was probably explaining to the Duke that he would never have to do more than an eight-hour day were his property confiscated. Unless, of course, he remained a Non-Union man.

The Reform (?) of the Common Law Courts

Now that a period of legal reforms of all kinds seems to have set in, it is worth while recalling the fact that such periods have existed in the past, and that some of the reforms which were most lauded at the time have proved to be the very reverse of blessings. A good instance is the amalgamation of the old Common Law Courts. For about 700 years down to 1880, there had always been three separate Courts of Common Law: the King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, presided over by the Chief Justice of England, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Chief Baron. In the 'seventies the spirit of legal reform was abroad, and it was said: "Why should we have three distinct organisations doing the same work? Let us amalgamate them into one harmonious whole." And in 1880 it was done.

Photo *Whitlock*

Mr. Justice Bigham

A member of the Judicature Acts Committee, who is believed to be in favour of restoring the old Courts of Common Pleas and Exchequer

Its Effects

The new system has now had nearly thirty years' trial, and it is almost universally admitted to have proved a hopeless failure, owing to the unwieldy size of the "harmonious whole." The Lord Chief Justice has to superintend and direct fourteen Judges and a whole army of Masters and other subordinate officials, a task utterly beyond the power of any one man, even if he had no judicial work to do himself. Owing to the absence of proper supervision, the whole machine is out of gear, and a great deal of the delay and expense of modern litigation is attributable to this cause. In the Chancery Division and Commercial Court, where the system is different, the state of things is much better.

Who is to be the new Chief Baron?

All this has been recognised by most lawyers for many years past, notably by the late Lord Russell of Killowen, and it is now rumoured that the Committee who have been appointed to advise the Lord Chancellor on the subject of reforms in legal procedure are strongly recommending a return to the old system. If this is true, as I devoutly hope it is, the Committee will have earned the gratitude of the whole legal profession and their clients. But I wonder how many of the Commissioners expect to be the new Chief Baron?

Revising Barristers

At this time of the year, the hearts of many of the Junior Bar beat high in the hope of obtaining appointments as Revising Barristers. The lists of the voters who return the 495 English and Welsh Members to Parliament are revised every year by ninety-seven barristers, who are appointed in London by the Lord Chief Justice, and elsewhere by the Judge who attends the Summer Assizes in each county, so that each Revising Barrister has an average of about five single-member constituencies to attend to. He has to travel up and down his district, and hold Courts in places selected by the County Council as convenient for the electors who wish to attend — in country districts usually public-houses several miles away from the nearest railway station. The work begins on September 8 and occupies from four to five weeks, according to the state of local political feeling, and the imminence or otherwise of a General Election. The remuneration is 250 guineas, to include travelling and all other expenses. The appointments are, therefore, distinctly desirable (at any rate, in quiet times), and are eagerly sought for, not only for their own inherent advantages, but because they afford an excellent practical training for the future County Court Judge or Stipendiary Magistrate. The same men are usually reappointed year after year, so that there are but few vacancies, and the competition is very keen. Last year, however, on one Circuit (the Midland), there were no fewer than four new Revising Barristers to be appointed, and it would be interesting to know how many members of the Circuit there were who did *not* apply for the vacant posts.

The Edalji Case

I have received a letter from Mr. Edalji, in which he disputes the statement made on this page on May 29 to the effect that it was at his own request, or that of his advisers, that the trial took place at Quarter Sessions, and not at Assizes. I fully accept Mr. Edalji's disclaimer, but think it right to state that the paragraph in question was written from information which I derived from a gentleman who was actually present at the hearing before the magistrates.

Drawing the Line Somewhere

"CUT!"

BY DUDLEY CLEAVER

A mass meeting of the candidates in the Jarrow Election has, we understand, been arranged, and a packed hall is expected.

* * *

"October in June" was the *Express's* description of Midsummer Day. What October has done to earn the abuse of our contemporary we do not know.

A fireman-composer is, it appears, among us. Suitably enough, he has begun by setting Burns to music.

* * *

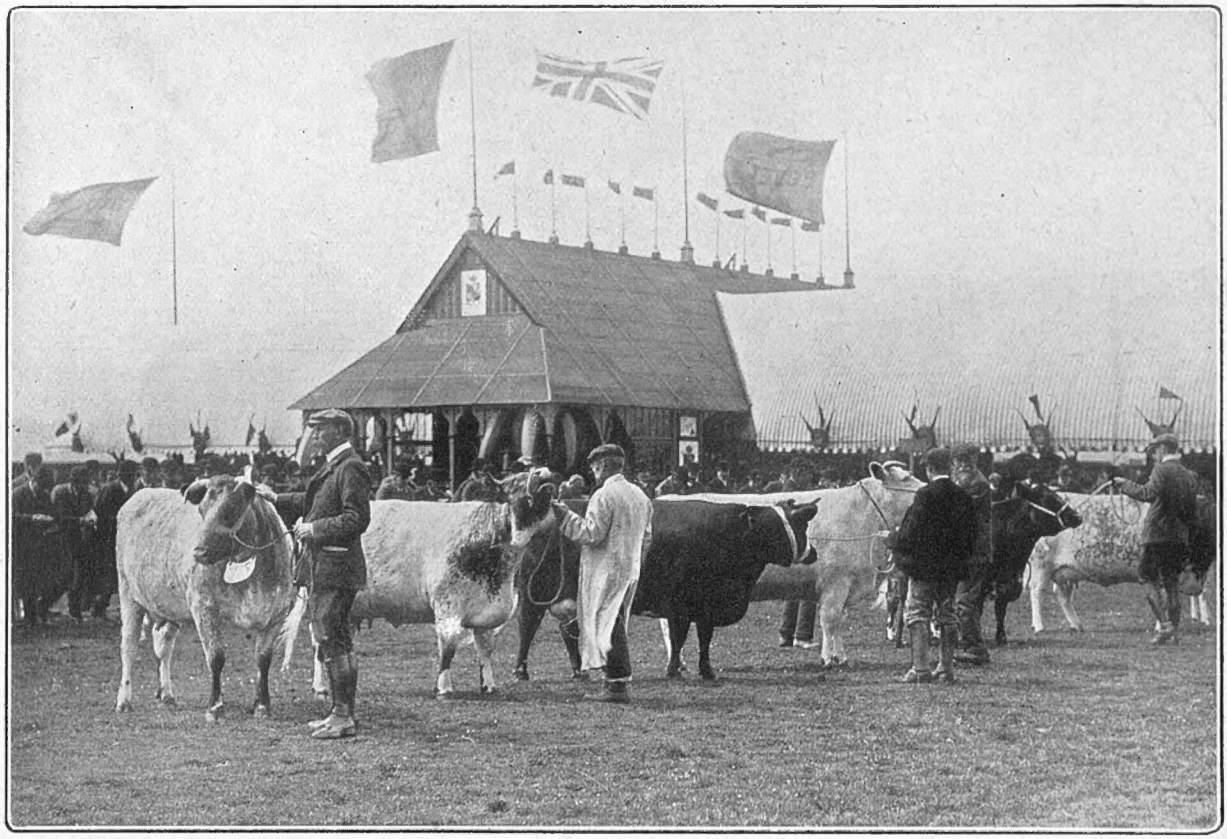
The Tsar has written to the Zemstvo Committee to say that union is strength, and that Russians must work together for Reform. We fancied he must have had some reason for dissolving the Duma.

The Royal Show at Large Again

LAST WEEK'S ASSEMBLAGE AT LINCOLN

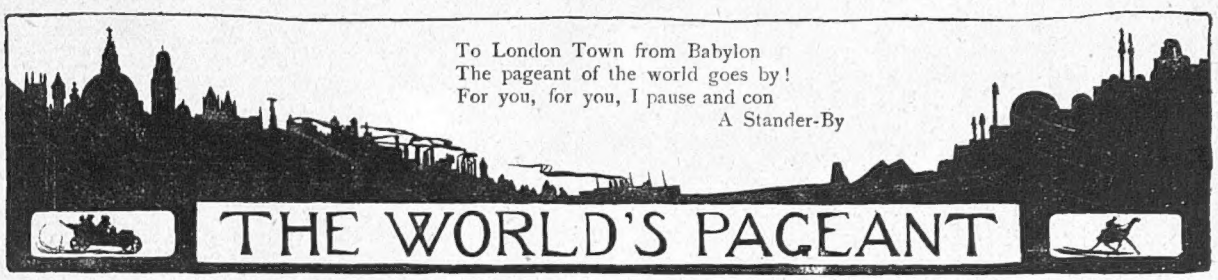
Photo **Lincoln's Wealth: An interesting street scene** [*Topical Agency*

The character of Lincoln as a great centre of iron manufacture is happily shown by the design on the top of the arch. Lincoln is, *par excellence*, the workshop of the farmer, for it possesses numbers of immense foundries, notably those of Messrs. Ruston, Proctor and Co., and Clayton and Shuttleworth—of world-wide fame



The Royal Show at Lincoln: Judging Shorthorn Cows in Class 90

The Royal Agricultural Show, which came to such grief at Park Royal, has resumed its travelling career, and this year Lincoln was the rendezvous. The showyard was the Lincoln racecourse, where a fine collection of British livestock was assembled. The entries this year were the finest since the great Manchester Show of 1897; cattle, sheep, and pigs, rather than horses, enjoyed the bulk of the honours. His Majesty, as usual, competed in the Shorthorn Class, and won a first prize



A Prayer to J. P.

"Hope," sang the poet, with the usual poetic license in the direction of veracity, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." There never was a greater fallacy. Take the weather. Who believes in summer now? At the Derby, at Ascot, at Windsor, everywhere Hope has been most successfully damped. March roared. May was *frappé*. Flaming June forgot to flame. Only Jupiter Pluvius sits up aloft, and pours his unwelcome attentions down on us with godlike regularity. This week, for Henley and for Newmarket, and for a myriad other out-door functions, fine weather is the one thing needful. Oh! J. P., be merciful! Cease thy deluge. Take a well-earned holiday. Go sport with the goddesses on Mount Olympus. Only forget us. Ignore us. Though men look askance, stand by and give the sun a chance. Amen.

* * *

The Royal Programme

Between a week-end with the Harcourts at Nuneham (sweet haunt of Oxford boating parties!), a ball at the Duchess of Westminster's, and his departure for Newmarket for the July meeting, the King managed to find time for at least one of those duties which "shine aloft, like stars." His Majesty, accompanied by the Queen, opened that much-advertised Union Jack Club on Monday afternoon. He returns to Town on Friday after the races in time for the Court (the first ever held in July, by the way), and early next week leaves London with the Queen for the Welsh and Irish visits. On their return, the King will again go to Newmarket and then to Goodwood and Cowes, where an exceptionally brilliant week is expected, the season being brought to an end with his Majesty's departure for Marienbad, and the Queen's for Denmark.

* * *

The Royal Garden-Party

As I have already remarked, the King's garden-party at Windsor, especially under a Liberal Government, was the most democratic of functions. Mark Twain tapping the King—or was it the Queen?—familiarly on the arm to emphasise his "humorous" remarks, Mr. John Burns in a bowler, and Mr. John Ward and Mr. Will Crooks in pale grey "Trilbys," apparently enraptured the reporters into columns of democratic description. The Royalties for once took second place. The Queen's gown was dismissed in a word, and the Royal guests ignored. As a matter of fact, however, it is a long time since so interesting a crowd of minor Royalties have foregathered at Windsor. Princess Andreas of Greece, for one, was an object of much interest. It was at Windsor, when she was hardly out of the schoolroom, that her marriage to the Queen's nephew, Prince Andreas, was arranged for her by the Queen. She is the elder daughter of Prince Louis of Battenberg, and, though she has grown rather stout, is very like Prince Alexander of Battenberg. She is a little deaf, but her soft dark eyes and hair and regular features make almost a beauty of her, and she has of late taken to dressing well.

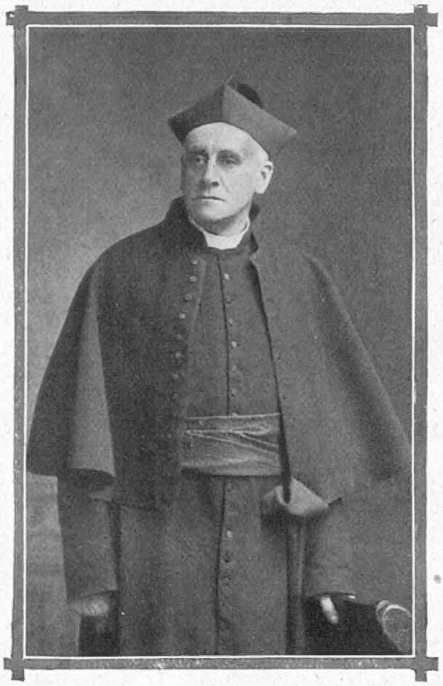


Photo *Russell*

Father Stanton

The Curate of St. Alban's, Holborn, who has been presented with a testimonial in honour of his forty-four years' services in the famous Ritualistic church

* * *

A Memory of Ascot Sunday

The pilgrimage to Boulter's Lock on Ascot Sunday (23rd ult.) was religiously performed, and the number of motor-cars, launches, boats, and punts in the neighbourhood must have exceeded all previous records. A milliner, an expert in flannels, a coach-builder, and the talented writer of our fashion article, might, perhaps, by their united efforts succeed in describing the smartest groups in the show. I confine myself to stating that I saw Mr. Henry Chaplin drive away in the afternoon in a one-horse fly—a striking object-lesson on the inferiority of politics to finance.

* * *

Father Stanton

Father Stanton, to whom an address, signed by men only, has lately been presented, has served as curate at the famous Ritualistic Church of St. Alban's, Holborn, for forty-four years. In 1863, when the church was consecrated, Father Stanton was ordained to the curacy, and has remained there ever since. He is a Gloucestershire man, and was educated at Rugby and Trinity, Oxford. He is an eloquent and earnest preacher, and he gesticulates

A Beautiful Princess of France

tremendously. Once, in his excitement, he sent flying on to the heads of his congregation, the Bible which lay at his elbow on the pulpit. The poor love him. He is a constant and ever-welcome visitor to their sad homes, and the good the Father has done can be compared only to that of his predecessor and friend, Father Maconochie, the founder of St. Alban's. Father Maconochie turned the district round St. Alban's into a clean, thriving, and respectable neighbourhood. When he first went there and held services in a cellar under a public-house, it was a nest of unspeakable infamy and squalor, and Father Stanton has worthily continued his great work.

* * *

The Best He Could Get

Of his Ritualistic leanings and his unswerving loyalty to his beliefs every Churchman knows. But that he is possessed of that dry wit which is so often the accompaniment of an actively saintly and eminently kindly character is perhaps less familiar knowledge. He is human, too, is the popular "Father," and he could never resist a "prod" at the opinions and strictures of the late Bishop Creighton. One day the Bishop (a low Churchman) visited St. Alban's, and attended a service. Afterwards, with an effort for tolerance which must have cost him much, his lordship took Father Stanton aside. "You know, Stanton," he whispered, gently, but firmly, "I *don't* like that incense." "Don't you, my lord?" replied the Father, innocently. "I'm very sorry. It was the very best we could get."

* * *

The Betrothal of a French Princess

The engagement of Princess Louise, daughter of the late Comte de Paris, and sister of the Duc d'Orléans, to Prince Charles of Bourbon Caserta, brother-in-law of the King of Spain, is of great interest in half the Southern countries of Europe, though no political importance can be attached thereto.

* * *

The Princess

The Princess is of Royal Spanish descent, being the great-grand-daughter of King Ferdinand VII., and she will, doubtless, be accorded the proud distinction of the title of Infanta when she becomes the wife of Prince Charles. She was born at York House, Twickenham. Much of the Princess's life has been spent at Wood Norton, her brother's Worcestershire home, and here her marriage is to take place in the autumn. The Princess is tall and fair and stately. Like the Queen of Spain, she is devoted to those country pursuits in which a Royal lady can indulge with greater facility here in England than in Spain.

* * *

Photo *Reutlinger*

Princess Louise of France

Engaged to Prince Charles of Bourbon Caserta. She is a daughter of the late Comte de Paris, and a sister of the Pretender, the Duc d'Orléans

Lady Auckland

There is no reason—except, perhaps, that of her social position—why Lady Auckland should not make a success of her new shop in Baker Street. She comes of a versatile family (the Arkwrights), is a great-grand-daughter of the inventor, and a great-grand-niece of Mrs. Siddons, the actress. Lord Auckland is a cadet of the Edens of West Auckland in Durham, of whom Sir William Eden is, at present, the head. The first Lord Auckland, by the way, was the father of that Eleanor Eden whose charms overcame even Pitt's indifference to women. He wanted to marry her, but never had sufficient income, and she became Lady Buckinghamshire instead of Mrs. Pitt. Lady Auckland, in her plunge into trade, has the example of many of her social equals to inspire her. Few of them take actual part in their businesses, as Lady Auckland intends to do, but many are actively connected with trade of one kind or another. Lady Duff-Gordon, Lady Essex, Lady Rachel Byng, Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, Lady Aileen Wyndham Quin are among these, while Lady Augusta Orr-Ewing, daughter of Lord and Lady Glasgow and widow of the late Mr. Charles Orr-Ewing, runs a successful hotel on the Dunskey Golf Links, which were laid out by her husband. Hotel-keeping, indeed, is a favourite form of aristocratic trade; Lady Aberdeen, Lord Leitrim, Lord Dunraven, and Mr. and Mrs. Baillie of Dochfour are all hotel-keepers, and, indeed, there are few peers who have not an interest in some hostelry or other.

* * *

The Pageant at Oxford

My conversion, recently foreshadowed, is complete. I have seen the Oxford Pageant, and I have gone over body and soul to my erstwhile enemy. I went prepared for disappointment, if not for boredom; for garishness, if not for farce; for incongruity, if not for anachronism. But I was never more agreeably

Blue Blood in Business

THE LITTLE TRADING ENTERPRISES OF TWO WELL-KNOWN TITLED LADIES

Photo *Brownlee*

The hotel adjoining the Dunskey Golf Links, which has, as its proprietress, the Lady Augusta Orr-Ewing, daughter of Lord Glasgow

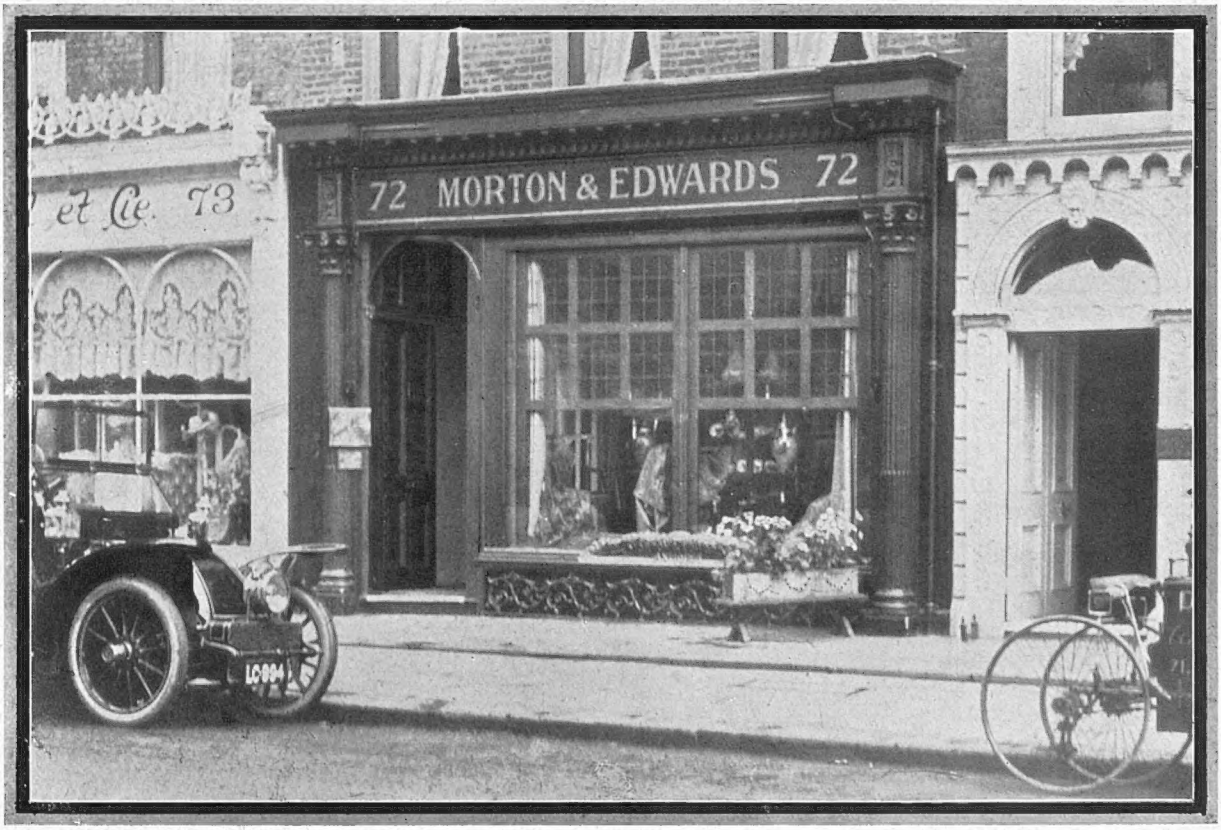


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Lady Auckland's little Furniture Shop in Baker Street (Messrs. "Morton and Edwards")

In order to restore the family fortunes damaged by Lord Auckland's heavy losses through Stock Exchange speculations, the Countess has opened a little antique shop in Baker Street, which it is anticipated will soon be doing a roaring trade

Two Society Engagements

disappointed in my expectations. Dignity, beauty, truth, masterly stage-management, and a most faithful following of ancient tradition and custom, were the outstanding features of the Oxford Pageant. An artistic success has been achieved where failure, ridicule, absurdity were possible. An earnest endeavour to catch the true spirit of all ages pictured distinguishes the whole performance. Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop, Mr. Frank Lascelles, "Master of the Pageant," and better known in Oxford as Frank Stevens, of the O.U.D.S., Mr. Byam Shaw, Mr. Laurence Binyon, Lord Dillon, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, and Miss Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale are just a few who have worked and read and studied and given of the very best of their deep knowledge to the cause of the Pageant. It is scarcely to be wondered at that so great a success has been achieved.

* * *

The Pageant Ground

The Pageant ground alone is a pageant in itself—a pageant of beauty and memory and association. One sat in a stand facing south of Magdalen Bridge. On the right and left of the arena flows the Cher, playing its part, as the trees play theirs, with that perfection of grace which Nature alone can command. In the distance, just where the famous walk through the Christchurch meadows reaches the lower barges, a battlemented tower is seen, through the Norman arch of which many hundred horses come thundering. The performers were truly wonderful. They allowed no faintest whisper of modernity to mar the picture. By the magic of pageantry—it must be confessed that drama is conspicuous only by its absence—one was transported without effort back to *circa* A.D. 727 and the story of St. Frideswide; to 1036 and the Coronation at Oxford of Harold Harefoot (a boy as beautiful as Adonis, and as shy as he was wasteful of his opportunities); to 1110

Photo *Philips*

Lord Alastair Innes-Ker and his fiancée, Miss Anne Breese, in the paddock at Ascot

Lord Alastair is the brother and heir-presumptive of the Duke of Roxburghe, and Miss Breese is an American, the daughter, by her first marriage, of Mrs. Harry Higgins

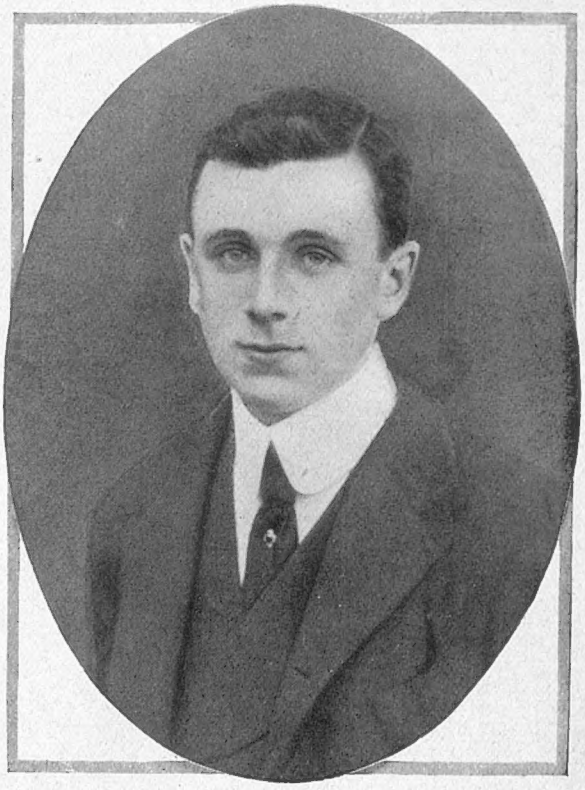


Photo *Whitlock*

A COUSINLY BETROTHAL

Miss Mary Curzon (daughter of the Hon. M. Curzon) **Viscount Curzon (eldest son of the Earl of Howe)**

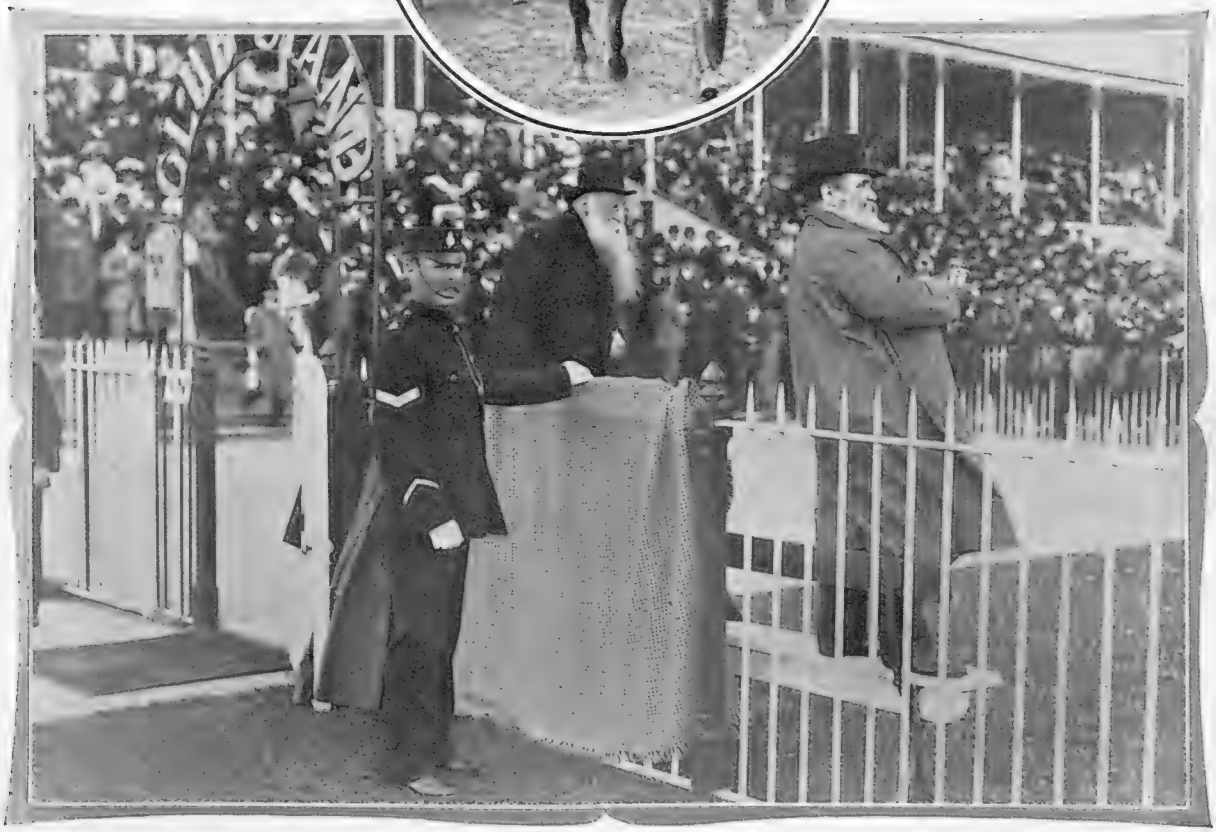
Two members of the same well-known family whose engagement is announced

The "Pitmen's Derby"

THE GREAT TYNESIDE RACE—THE NORTHUMBERLAND PLATE

The Parade in the Enclosure Before the Race

Killigrew
The winner of the Northumberland Plate



Photos *Topical Agency*

A Veteran Race-goer: Colonel Palmer, brother of the late M.P. for Jarrow, Sir C. Palmer, and the oldest spectator on the course

Though scarcely a "smart" function, the Plate is generally a rendezvous for all grades of Tyneside Society. The race this year, like that of the Southern meetings, presented a surprise, for the Plate was won by an outsider, Killigrew, and not by the heavily supported Bibiani

The Latest Phase of the Poster

Two clever posters designed by Miss M. L. Attwell for the "Country Fair," held last week in aid of Our Dumb Friends' League

and the foundation of the University by Theobaldus; to a beautiful Fair Rosamund, a vision of rose-petal draperies against the green sward of the playing-fields; to St. Scholastica's Day and a fight between Town and Gown, which makes one turn wonderingly to where the Vice-Chancellor and the Mayor hobnob gaily in the stand together, and which illuminates, as nothing else could, the *entente* now existing between these rival factions.

* * *

The Fine Flower of Pageantry

After a scene depicting Friar Bacon and such anachronisms as motor-cars and penny-in-the-slot machines — written, surely, in a spirit of pure buffoonery by Professor Oman, and providing the only inartistic spot in the whole proceedings—we reach the most beautiful part of the Pageant. A jovial Henry VIII., a cold, hard Katherine, an irritated Wolsey, Queen Elizabeth, Charles I., all these with their men-at-arms, their maids-of-honour, their citizens, and churchmen, and courtiers, pass eloquently before us. Through it all little children run and play as naturally as ever children played; there is a sense of life and love and gaiety, and only some nuns passing chanting along the banks of the Cherwell, and the funeral of Amy Robsart, remind us that

> Golden boys and girls all must,
> Like chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

* * *

The "Country Fair"

If a large attendance spells M-O-N-E-Y, then, surely, the Dumb Friends' League must have made enough at their "Country Fair," at the Botanic Gardens last week, to keep legions of Dumb Friends in affluence for the rest of their natural days. I never saw the Botanic Gardens so full. That unfailing "draw," a bevy of actors and actresses, chiefly of the vaudeville stage, had been duly advertised and provided. Consequently, Hampstead and Bayswater poured in in their thousands. One read, as usual, most distinguished names on the placards above the booths. One looked, as usual, in vain for their distinguished owners. Lady Orford, the president, escorted Princess Henry of Battenberg round the grounds, and I met Lady Decies and Lady Londonderry coming in rather late; but great ladies, as a general rule, were conspicuous by their absence.

* * *

Cocoa-nut Shies and Roundabouts

All the same, the fun went fast and furiously. Cocoa-nut shies, roundabouts, barrel-organs, swings, Punch and Judy shows, an amusing cricket match, infant phenomena, were but a few of the attractions of a show exceedingly well-organised, except in one direction. Everyone wanted tea, and everyone was induced to take tea-tickets. Very few persons even got tea; some did succeed in doing so, but I think the preparation of the eatables and drinkables must have been under the supervision of people whose ordinary vocation cannot have been that of providing for the gastronomic wants of their fellows. However, in the sacred cause of charity we will suffer much.

A Premiere Danseuse—Aged 3

Little Miss May Gillingham, whose dancing delighted the visitors to the Country Fair

Princess Christian

One of the distinguished visitors, making a tour of inspection

Photos] **Our Dumb Friends' League Country Fair at the Botanic Gardens: The Actors v. Actresses Cricket Match—Mr. Farren Soutar bowling** [*Topical Agency*

The Botanic Gardens were, on Friday and Saturday last week, the scene of an old-time Country Fair, held in aid of Our Dumb Friends' League. Well-known members of Society and the Stage assisted as stallholders, or in the rôle of the proprietors of cocoa-nut shies. Punch and Judy shows, etc., while one of the most attractive features of the Fair was the Actors *v.* Actresses cricket match. The proceedings, however, were damped in a very literal sense on the second day by the heavy storm which occurred in the evening.

"The Mikado's" Author Honoured!

The Birthday Honours

The honours list, published last week in connection with one of the many celebrations of his Majesty's official birthday, was of a more interesting nature than is generally the case. Honours have not been cast with too lavish a hand on political lights, but those gentlemen on whom they have been bestowed are well worthy of them. An especially pleasing feature, however, is the knighthoods conferred on three of our best-known personalities in art and literature—W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., Professor Hubert von Herkomer, R.A., and W. S. Gilbert. As regards Mr. Gilbert, the recognition of his collaborator's services to music was made twenty-four years ago — the late Sir Arthur Sullivan was knighted in 1883—so I really feel that he has waited very patiently for his share of the honours, which everyone feels is due to the originators of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. By the way, though, we hope the Government will exercise a careful censorship to prevent there being any possibility of the news coming to the ears of our allies, the Japanese. They might take it as a serious affront, you know, in the light of recent events.

* * *

Lawn Tennis at Wimbledon

Every year public interest in lawn tennis increases, every year more people attend the All-England Championship Meeting, and every year the meeting itself, as a meeting, becomes more delightful. Soon, when championship lawn tennis is played under more luxurious surroundings—when the circumstances attending the watching of lawn tennis are as charming and as fashionable as those attending, say, polo at Ranelagh or racing at Goodwood — then will the Championship Meeting be equally "the thing." The world which lives but to amuse itself "in the right way," will attend, as it attends Cowes, or Ascot, or the Derby. Meanwhile, not a few of such people motored down to Wimbledon during the last week to see how things were getting on without them. Swimmingly, they found. Next year it will be necessary to book one's seat six months, not three, beforehand, for already there is a suspicion that Wimbledon is very much in the movement. Soon it will be a certainty. Royalty has set the seal of approval upon it by the presence there last week of the Prince of Wales. Fashion will follow.

Sir W. S. Gilbert!

The newly knighted author of *The Mikado* playing bowls at his place near Harrow Weald. We understand that the Japanese people are keeping calm, despite the extraordinary conduct of the Government in honouring the author of that insulting comic opera, *The Mikado*

Photo Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street

The Baroness von Eckhardstein

Now asking for a judicial separation from her husband on the grounds of cruelty and misconduct. The Baron was at one time Secretary to the German Embassy in London, and is, on his part, petitioning for a divorce in Germany on the grounds of "wifely disobedience." The evidence has thrown an interesting light on the married life of the unhappy couple

* * *

Beautiful America

London just now is full of Americans — travelling Americans, official Americans, and Americans who spend the season regularly here. To the last two classes do the subjects of our illustrations belong. Miss Whitelaw Reid is the daughter of the American Ambassador. With Captain Holford's lovely Park Lane palace for setting, no girl has a better time. Miss Ridgely Carter is the youthful and pretty daughter of the Councillor of the American Embassy. Miss Choate, who is in England for the London season, combines with good looks much of the charm of her distinguished father, and Mrs. R. Brookes owns the reality, as well as the reputation, of beauty. She is a sister of Mrs. Waldorf Astor and Mrs. Dana Gibson.

* * *

The Henley Week

When the sun shines and the sky is blue there is no sight in the world which, for originality and exquisite charm, can compare with Henley. Blue blood may be present only in pint measure, perhaps; but in its place is youth and beauty and fashion, and an unlimited flow of high spirits and good temper. If there is here and there an element of *la vie Bohème*, which is absent from the more exclusive carnivals of the year, then it is, I think, this very element which chiefly contributes to the gaiety of it all. I myself am to enjoy Henley—as I did so comfortably and so agreeably last year—from the lovely garden of Phyllis Court Club. There, while one is out of the *sturm und drang* of the boat-carpeted river, one is still in the very thick of the movement, and within sight of the winning-post and of a very large portion of the Regatta course.

Fair Americans in London

Miss Choate
Daughter of the late American Ambassador

A QUARTETTE OF WELL-KNOWN VISITORS

Mrs. R. Brookes
Sister of Mrs. W. W. Astor and of Mrs. Dana Gibson

Photos

Miss Ridgely Carter
Daughter of the Councillor of the American Embassy

Lallie Charles

Miss Whitelaw Reid
Daughter of the American Ambassador

These four ladies may well be said to typify the American Society woman who makes London her rendezvous during the Season. Each is possessed of a goodly share of personal good looks, and more than a mere goodly share of that personal charm which is characteristic of the well-bred American woman

RACING NOTIONS

"BEHIND THE DITCH." By "CARBINE"

The King's Winner

Everyone at Sandown Park was delighted to see the King win a good race at last. Slim Lad is about the best horse in the Royal stable just now. That, of course, does not say a great deal for him; but the colt is still improving, and will, I think, gain further successes for his Majesty. It would be a matter for general satisfaction to find the King with a few more good performers, for his luck on the Turf for some time past has been really atrocious. No owner could be keener, and the value of his active support is simply incalculable to the Turf. I know one man who owns a big string of high-class racers, yet rarely goes near a course himself, and is quite content to read about their doings in the papers. The King is an owner of an entirely different type; a racing enthusiast of the best sort, who has at heart the welfare of the Turf. That is why, apart from any loyal considerations, we are always ready heartily to cheer when his Majesty scores a good win like that at Sandown.

The Jockey Club and the Jockeys

The long discussion on the starting-gate and the erratic riding of modern jockeys at the recent meeting of the Jockey Club was interesting enough in its way, but there was a conspicuous absence of practical suggestions. Most of us are agreed, I think, that the standard of horsemanship does not compare well with that seen at the time when Fred Archer, George Fordham, and Tom Cannon were at the head of the profession. The subject has several times been touched upon in THE BYSTANDER, and not much new light was thrown upon it by those members of the Jockey Club who spoke. There was a unanimity of opinion that the evil has been caused by the general adoption of the American system of race-riding. How on earth can jockeys be expected to have a proper control of their horses when they perch themselves almost on the withers, and are utterly unable to get any grip with their legs? A good-tempered horse can be kept straight. But with horses that want "managing," the monkey style of riding is absolutely useless, and thus we see much more swerving, jostling, and crossing than was formerly the case.

The Need for Salaried Stewards

I agree with Colonel Baird that the only remedy likely to prove effective in stopping erratic riding is for the Stewards of meetings to be severely down on the more flagrant cases, and to be even more strict with the senior jockeys than with the youngsters who follow their lead. But the great question is: Are the Stewards of local meetings strong enough to deal with the matter? Frankly, I fear that in many cases they are not. What we want in racing is stipendiary Stewards, who can be relied upon to carry out the laws of racing firmly and consistently. The Jockey Club know perfectly well that the present system is, in some cases, absolutely farcical, and yet they will not move in the matter. There ought, surely, to be no more difficulty in finding capable salaried Stewards than there has been in securing good official handicappers, starters, and judges.

The Starting-Gate Question

The Jockey Club are firmly resolved not to interfere with the present method of starting. Personally, I am all in favour of the "gate," and I cannot imagine anyone who recalls the dreadful delays and unfair starts of the days of the flag, wishing to go back to the old system. It has, however, been suggested that if horses were allowed to walk up to the gate, and thus be started when on the move, it would be preferable to getting them off from a standstill. Certainly the Jockey Club could do little harm by making the experiment for a short time; but they are utterly disinclined to give the moving start a trial. I see that Lord Durham went out of his way to slate the Press over this starting-gate business. He said that in some instances the Press wanted to go back to the flag, because "they thought it was easier to find the ultimate winner of a race under the flag." Lord Durham is almost childish when he gets on the subject of the Press, and this remark of his seems to me to be particularly puerile.

Behind the Ditch at Newmarket

Racing behind the historic Ditch is always delightful, but at one time it looked as though the chief event, the Princess of Wales's Stakes, would be contested on Thursday by a common lot of horses who would not collectively realise the value of the stakes if put up for auction. But it will be different if **Polymelus** starts, and I understand it is the intention of his owner to let the horse take his chance. In his absence, I should anticipate the success of Wombwell. As for other events at the pleasant July meeting, the top-weight, **Malua**, seems a good thing for the Duke of Cambridge's Handicap. **Rocketter** ought to take the July Cup, while my selections on Friday are **Killeagh** for the Ellesmere Stakes, and **Dibs** for the Princess's Plate. The London Cup, at Alexandra Park, on Saturday, may be won by **Let Go the Painter.**

HENLEY REGATTA
Drawn by BALLIOL SALMON
SEE THIS WEEK'S "GRAPHIC"

In the Days of Good Queen Bess

ONE OF THE MANY PICTURESQUE SCENES AT THE OXFORD PAGEANT

Photo *Gillman*

THE STATE PROGRESS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

No place in this country is more linked with the past and with the memories of the greatest and noblest men and women in English history than Oxford, and a pageant could have no more ideal setting. Those who have been responsible for the conduct of the Oxford Pageant have been most successful in their efforts, and dignity, beauty, truth, masterly stage-management, and a most faithful following of ancient tradition and custom are the Pageant's outstanding features. With its beautiful surroundings in the Christchurch meadows, and with the Cherwell as a background, the only touch of modernity about the proceedings has been the spectators, who have flocked to every representation

A Society Rendezvous at Henley: The dining-room of the Phyllis Court Club

HENLEY PROSPECTS

Can we Beat the Belgians?

I suppose that the question most people are asking this year is, "Can we beat the Belgians?" To solve this problem it is necessary to discover how good the Belgians are, and that no one appears to know, for they have deferred their arrival in this country till the last possible moment. There have been two rumours about them. One is that they are very bad, and have only entered out of pure good sportsmanship; and the other that they are fifteen seconds faster than they were last year. Adding these together and dividing by two, we arrive at the result that they are probably about as good as their last crew, who were, at any rate, a good deal better than the average head of the river boats, which were all they had to beat. This seems to extinguish the chances of First Trinity, London, and Thames. Christ Church came from Oxford with a considerable reputation, and have done some fast times over short distances, but I do not think they will be any better than Trinity Hall and Third Trinity were last year.

Leander's Chances

There remains Leander, who may be described as a Cambridge University crew with a first-class Oxford man at bow, and on paper are good enough to beat the Belgians or anyone else. But there is always a drawback to a Cambridge Leander boat, for, owing to the late date of the May Races, their time for practice is too short. In addition, two of the men have done no serious rowing for a considerable time, and, therefore, have required more hard work than the others could give them without running the risk of getting stale, a state of affairs which has brought Leander crews to grief before now—notably in 1889. And, lastly, the crew have been chopped and changed about until within a week of the Regatta. Everything, therefore, depends upon the last two days' practice, which, at the time of writing, has not yet taken place. They have, however, an invaluable asset in Muttlebury. Whatever opinions may be held as to the orthodoxy of some of his theories, he is certainly a past master in the art of bringing a groggy crew fit to the starting-post and teaching them to win, as he showed in the Cambridge and Harvard race last autumn. I regard the real issue in the Grand as being between Muttlebury and the Belgians, and am inclined to back the former.

The German Four

I am very anxious to see the German four who have entered for the Stewards, for I think that the foreigner is usually more formidable in a four than in an eight. In a four, perfect uniformity, and therefore long practice, is indispensable, and to the best of my knowledge there are no disturbing factors in Germany like the Summer Eights here. And, besides, a foreign club does not go to the trouble and expense of sending a four to this country unless it believes that it has got a really good one.

Special trains and special fares have been arranged for Henley Week by the Great Western Railway from Paddington. Third-class day return tickets can be got for 3*s.* 6*d.* (by trains leaving before 9.12 a.m.) and 5*s.* by later trains, while season tickets, available from Tuesday to Friday inclusive, only cost 28*s.* first, and 18*s.* second. Fuller particulars may be obtained from Paddington Station, or through any of the usual agents.

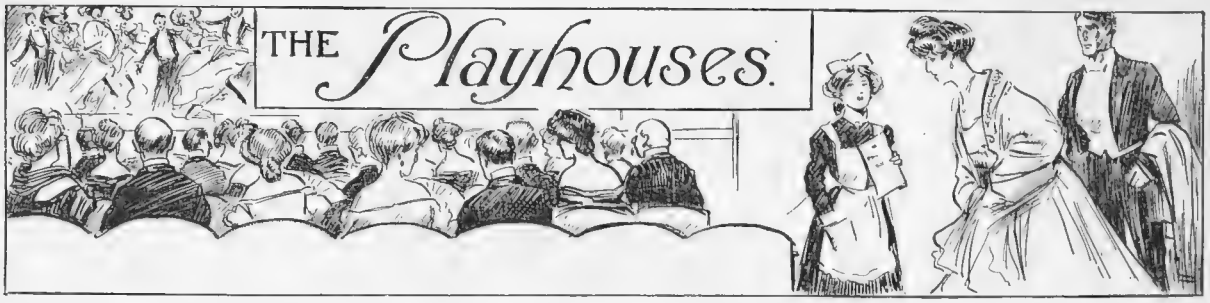
Henley Week: Leander's Re-entry

Photo *Calcott*

Leander Bringing in their Boat

(*On the left*) G. S. Maclagan, D. C. Stuart, F. J. Escombe, R. V. Powell. (*On the right, in front*) B. C. Johnstone, A. G. Kirby

Last year Leander did not compete for the Grand, and, accordingly, the Cup went out of the country. This year they are doing their best to get it back, but will hardly succeed if they keep on changing their crew in the last days before the Regatta



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

LATE-COMERS TO THE PLAY

A Simple Remedy

Agitation has broken out afresh against that most selfish, inconsiderate, and unmitigated nuisance, the late-comer to the play. While it is a playful piece of exaggeration to speak of brilliant curtain-raisers ruined by late arrivals, yet there are few ardent and punctual playgoers who have not at some time or another thirsted for the blood of those who persist in pushing their way into their seats, amid a babel of chatter, when the curtain is up. The remedy for this unpleasant state of affairs is, as it so often proves to be in the case of a grievance, ridiculously simple.

Before the ordinary comedy, it is the custom for managers to produce, too often, a very ordinary curtain-raiser. There is little use disguising the fact that these first pieces are intended solely for the entertainment of pit and gallery patrons, who are compelled, by the absurd system in vogue in our theatres, to take their seats long before the curtain is raised.

Now, for years, managers have been content to produce curtain-raisers so poor in quality that the pit and gallery (those keen judges) sit through them willy-nilly and in sufferance; while patrons of the reserved seats have taken good care to miss them altogether. When the early arrivals for the play proper were shown to their seats during the latter part of the first play, no one much minded the banging down of seats, the bobbing of heads, the *frou-frou* of skirts, and the chatter incidental to the purchase at an exorbitant price of that most simple of news-sheets known as a programme.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

A Tribute to Miss Marie Tempest

Miss Marie Tempest has recently received a graceful token of esteem in the form of a charming little statuette of herself, the work of M. Pierre Sainte, a rising young French sculptor

Curtain-raisers to be Seen

Of late, however, managers have been producing first pieces of a more ambitious type. These playlets are the work of men who are qualifying for entrance into the charmed circle of successful dramatists. Moreover, in the cast of these one-act plays appear well-known names. They are little plays to be seen. Hence the indignation, not alone of pit and gallery, but of all parts of the house when their attention is distracted from an interesting play by the noisy advent of late arrivals.

Now for the simple remedy. No one should be allowed to take his seat once the curtain is up, either on the first play or on the first act of the play of the evening. Early arrivals for the play proper should be warned that the curtain-raiser is in progress. Not having arrived with the intention of witnessing the little play, people can find it no hardship to be asked to wait until the play is finished. The same rule should be enforced in the case of people arriving after the curtain is up on the play of the evening. They should not be allowed to take their seats until after the curtain has fallen on the first act.

This rule is not so hard as it appears. It would be a real hardship to miss an entire act. Such a happening might spoil a whole evening's entertainment. Here is the way out of the difficulty. Late arrivals should wait quietly in the side aisles until the curtain has fallen on the first act. Owing to the structure of our theatres, they can see the stage from this position without interrupting the view of anybody in the house. This unwritten law is in vogue on first-nights. The majority of the late-comers wait in the aisles, which are quite large enough to accommodate those who, through carelessness or misadventure, arrive when the play is already in progress.

WALDORF THEATRE

"In the Bishop's Carriage"

That very stirring play *Leah Kleschna* revealed the possibilities for effect of the girl thief upon the stage. So it is only a question of time before we are

Mr. Maude's New Rôle

Impressions of "The Earl of Pawtucket," the new American farce at the Playhouse

BY NORMAN MORROW

introduced to another young lady of the light-fingered fraternity, as thieves were always called in the journalese which, but for the *Daily Telegraph*, would now be defunct. The newcomer, Nance, is quite an interesting personality. Played by Miss Fannie Ward, she becomes a character whose doings and sayings always arouse our interest. With a sort of fascination, we watch her, nimble, quick-witted, at war with the world, against which she has nourished since childhood such a bitter grudge. When the good man enters her life, as good men have a way of doing upon the stage (and even in real life sometimes), we follow her struggles to protect herself with an outer coat of defiance against his tender advances. We follow, too, the wise and kindly treatment with which he helps her to fight against her old instincts and traditions. And so the duel between Nance and Latimer, the reformer, two characters so earnestly and cleverly played by Miss Fannie Ward and Mr. Frank Cooper, becomes one which absorbs and engrosses us.

Players Better than the Play

Would that we were absorbed and engrossed by the play. Alas, that it should be not alone so mechanical, but so childishly mechanical, like the rather ingenious contrivances which strike our attention but cannot hold it. Long before the end we have fathomed the possibilities of the play. We know that Nance is destined for a life of happiness, and we would willingly have escaped that last scene, theatrical in the worst sense of the term, in which Nance's old associate, Tom Dorgan, having escaped from prison, turns up at Nance's flat, and seeing the game (of marrying her) is up, indulges in sentimentalities which make us long to give vent to our feelings (as some American college boys do) in a prolonged "Wough!"

Miss Ward's Clever Performance

Indeed, if it were not for Mr. Frank Cooper and for Miss Fannie Ward, the play would be barely supportable. Miss Ward, by her very clever performance, must have surprised both those among the audience who had not seen her play in *The Climbers*, and those who are not in the habit of observing clever bits of acting and treasuring them up in the memory. Of late, trumpets have blared very loudly in praise of young ladies who do not possess half the ability to act which is Miss Ward's. They have not her neat, quick way of making a point, nor her talent for characterisation, shown in the suspicion of an accent (she plays a "tough" girl, as Americans call the coster class), and the slight, the very slight, but very meaning, play of features and hands. Miss Ward really owes it to us to appear upon the stage more frequently.

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Norah Kerin

Now playing the heroine in *The Midnight Wedding* at the Lyceum Theatre

THE PLAYHOUSE

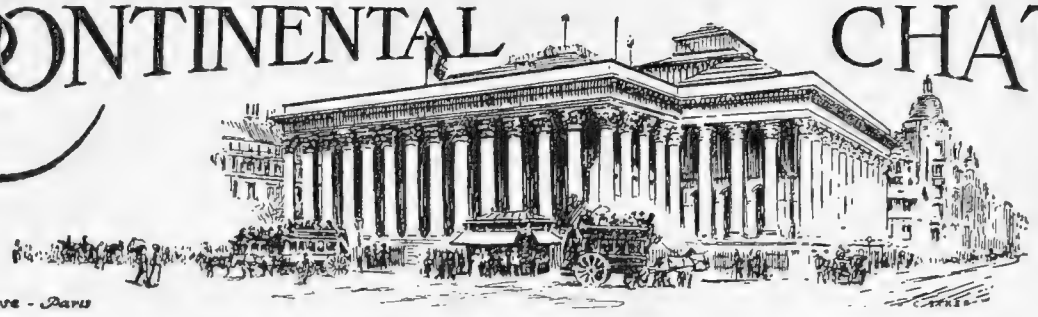
"The Earl of Pawtucket"

The play by Mr. Augustus Thomas, which Americans took to so kindly, is obviously a play written round a leading actor. It was written to exploit the humours of Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay's ultra-English mannerisms. When this great favourite in America drawled out "Sawah's bettah" (Sarah is better)—I have it on the authority of a man who heard the catchword — the house rocked with merriment. To bring the play to England is to take from it the very set of circumstances which constituted its success in America. The Earl of Cardington is a stage character of that fixed type which knows no change, except a change in nomenclature. Years ago he was a "masher"; recently he was a "dude"; to-day he is a "blood"; to-morrow may prove yet another of his christening days. But the characters of whom Lord Dundreary is the prototype have lost their novelty for us. When one's ears are constantly assailed by drawling speech and broad vowels, it is not very funny to hear Mr. Cyril Maude employing more of a drawl and broader vowels. The humours of the play depend upon the chief character. He, in turn, depends for his success upon the contrast between his speech and manners and the speech and manners of his audience. Hence England is not the proper home of the play. For without the special *raison d'être* I have indicated, the play is poor stuff. The main idea—the assumption of another man's name and personality—is not new, and is always preposterous. Rattled through as a farce, a play based on this idea can be borne. Played slowly, as it is at the Playhouse, it becomes intolerable. E. C. S.

THE HIPPODROME

The latest attraction at the Hippodrome, a Dutch sketch entitled the *Zuyder Zee*, is sure to draw all London. It is just a simple little story of Dutch village life, told with much humour, and the most exciting episode occurs in the second scene, when Van Schunk (admirably played by Mr. Tom Shales), in a spirit of revenge for the loss of the girl of his choice, Gretta, who weds one of his servants, opens the sluice-gates and floods the arena. But no one is drowned — only men, geese, cows, and dogs mingle in the water in comical confusion. Besides Miss May Moore Duprez in the part of Gretta, and Mr. Bert Gilbert as Lazy Hans, the cast includes Miss Maude Terry, Miss Betty Green, and Nipper Lupino Lane. Tiller's Eight Snowdrops contribute some Dutch dances, while the Four Figaros, Hess and Lisbon, the Ashley Team, and the Snow Family gave us some clever exhibitions of roller skating. R. M.

CONTINENTAL CHAT



THE WINE WAR: THE CAUSE AND ITS CHAMPIONS

This week France is again in mourning. Death, disaster, and bloodshed have of late years been too frequently repeated. At a moment when at the Hague 140 delegates are busily laying their plans for the establishment of universal peace—our photograph on the next page displays them at work—France is grappling with a crisis which may completely change her whole history. The vine-growers' war, like most revolutions (terrible, above all, on account of the sudden and unexpected outburst), is the result of long and patient suffering. For seven years the Southern vine-growers in Nîmes, Carcassonne, Perpignan, Beziers, and Montpellier, the principal scenes of the riots, have pleaded their cause. Last year I remember reading several exceedingly well-written articles pointing out as inevitable the events of to-day, but to all warning and proposals the Government turned a deaf ear, and now it is doubtful whether it can avert a civil war. The matter should have been settled by compromise long ago, and this would have been easy had the body in whose hands the welfare of France has been placed any notion of how to govern.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

"The Saviour of the South": Marcellin Albert

The leader of the French Wine War is a small vineyard proprietor, endowed with indomitable determination and energy. He began his agitation against the adulteration of wine seven years ago, but has been consistently snubbed by the Government

* * *

Causes of the Outbreak

Every one of them, from Clemenceau downwards, is so busily engaged in keeping himself in his own insecure position that he has time and energy for little else. Nearly every Frenchman to-day, be he Royalist, Republican, or Anarchist, will shrug his shoulders in contempt at such a Government, which is nothing more nor less than a horrible caricature of the beautiful ideal of Republicanism.

Now, however, the circumstances demand action—and immediate action. Maujar and Picquart must wake from their dreams, and Clemenceau (whom the proprietors of a third-rate music-hall, in order to gain Ministerial recognition, have clad in the great Napoleon's garments) must search for still more verbal oil to pour on the troubled waters.

How Wine is Adulterated

The vine-growers' war is extremely interesting, and would have been even more so could the terrible bloodshed have been prevented. For those who care to look below the surface, too, it is complicated, and the Secretary of the Vine-Growers' Syndicate here told me the other day, "It was like fighting with a huge monster with a hundred heads—one does not know which to attack the first." Each French worker, I may add in parenthesis, from an artist and priest to a vine-grower, entrusts his interests to these syndicates. Were he to pause for a moment to consider their methods, he would soon come to the conclusion that each man had better look after himself. Although the vine-growers have been by no means faultless, one cannot help sympathising with them at present, considering that hunger, misery, and ruin, and the continual procrastination of the Government has driven them almost to madness. About fifteen years ago, after the phylloxera, the vines were ruined, and had to be replanted. Nothing was left undone; jewels, property, horses, and furniture were sold to obtain money for the replantation. Then the vines did well, and they seemed to be reaping their reward. It was in those days of prosperity, however, that they resorted to a practice which the North soon detected and copied, and which is the greatest grievance of to-day—the fraudulent adulteration of wine. When the earth yielded thirty hectolitres of wine, sixty found their way into the market by means of a very simple recipe given in the Chamber the other day. There is no necessity to use grape-juice at all, it appears. Sugar, water, wine-dregs, tartaric acid, and colouring matter are the ingredients of the liquid which the Paris workman imagines will build up the muscles of his great frame, and which the *bourgeois* buys at a far higher figure than it is worth. The only expensive substance in this mixture is the sugar, for it takes 1 fr. 70 worth (1*s.* 5*d.*) to produce one degree of alcohol. Imagine

the profit that must be made when this unhealthy drink is sold as "good, pure claret"! This, then, is the process which has killed the wine industry in France; and the bad wine, I am convinced, is the reason why so many have preferred cognac and absinthe to this tasteless concoction.

* * *

Marcellin Albert

It is seven years now since Marcellin Albert began his crusade at Argelliers against the above-mentioned process of adulteration, but never was he regarded as of any consequence by the Government. He is now a man of about fifty-two years of age, a proprietor in a small way, and endowed with indomitable determination and energy. He has a gift for organisation, as can be seen by the able manner in which he has chosen his lieutenants in this campaign. Two years ago, when he gave evidence before a Parliamentary Committee on the wine crisis, there were many who saw the logic of his reasoning; the Government, however, politely dismissed him with the charming epithet, "madman." Albert, like most "Meridionals," is eloquent, and knows how to address crowds. Quite recently he has harangued them almost to madness. He is short, wiry, very dark, somewhat bald, has the thick lips and white teeth of a nigger, and yet withal—minus the elegance—he resembles the great Sadi Carnot. His associate—Dr. Ferroul—looks what he is, a Socialist to the finger-tips. His long black beard is never well trimmed; he has round, black, fierce eyes, and his slouch hat is usually too big, and his clothes baggy. An excellent speaker, he is one of the most popular men in the South to-day. All kinds of nicknames, from "Peter the Hermit" and "The Redeemer" to "Napoleon of the Wine Press," have been given to him. After the first brush with the military at Narbonne, he frequently visited the patients, but when the people twice put up barriers to defend him, he requested them to take them down.

* * *

The Southern Temperament as a Factor

In dealing with this revolution—for such it is—the Government quite failed to take into consideration the characteristics of the people of the South. They have the fiery temperament of the Spaniard, and have their own language, literature, and customs, such as bull-fights, and look on the rest of Frenchmen with quite as much contempt as the Cornishman has for the Englishman. Although they are courageous they have not a very clear notion of the significance of the word "Fatherland," and they are irreligious to a degree which forbids many of them to enter a church. As a rule they are Socialists and Anarchists, although in this case they have not been above following the advice of several important Royalists, who have seen in the rising an excellent opportunity of furthering their cause. Had Philippe of Orleans been able to tear himself away from the charms of his many friends, had he in his exile showed his subjects that he still possessed some of the qualities of a king, had he dared to show his followers that he was ready, here was his chance. But will he take it?

Photo *Elmer*

The Parliament of Peace: The Delegates listening to a speech by M. de Nelidoff, the President, at the Peace Conference now being held in the Binnenhof at the Hague

Little Indeed!

IN THE ROW

"But surely, when a woman accepts a man's proposal, it means that she loves him?"

"Nonsense, dear boy! It does not even mean that she intends to marry him"

BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

Photos

Purity being so very rampant in the Eastern States, under the auspices of the ineffable Comstock, it is a little startling to realise that mixed bathing—that most advanced of European institutions—is actually permitted at such places as Atlantic City, and not only enjoyed by gay members of both sexes, b of pictures shows us that, so far as gai bathing places are no whit the inferior o Di

Topical Agency

, but thoroughly enjoyed. The above group gance and *esprit* are concerned, American Dieppe, Trouville, and Ostend. Certainly, they compare very favourably with the English ones, for there is, on the expressions of the fair bathers above, none of that self-conscious sadness which marks those of our own variety, while in sartorial elegance they are "way beyond" us.

No. 83 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories

The Last Dose

By E. TEMPLE THURSTON

"Let the great book of the world be your principal study."—Chesterfield

"WHITE Man's Grave," they call it—down in Sierra Leone. But the whole of West Africa is a death-trap. Some parts of the world are like the carnivorous plants: tempting in all their wealth of colour, alluring in their subtle odours. So they catch their prey. A white man ventures into the heart of them, and the earth sucks him into herself. In a few months he is lying beneath the six feet of vulturous sod, food for the very earth that bred him. It is like this inland from Lagos. Away up in the forest beyond Abutemetta, the land has that swampy, turgid appearance of a reptile dozing in the glittering sun, digesting the raw flesh in its well-filled belly. And at night, the tongue of death licks up from the marshes in a velvet mist. The first sight of it to the white man brings a thrill of horror. In it, he can see the carnivorous beast prowling for its meal. You find him going into camp and draining his quinine, the hand shaking that holds the glass, the throat swallowing eagerly the magic draught that guards him against the rapacious attacks of the hungry earth. He throws himself into his hammock, and looks out at the colossal tree ferns throwing up their monstrous lace-work against an ink-black sky, cursing the whole wonderful beauty of it, wondering if he will ever get back free and unscathed to the ungainly elms and ponderous oaks—to the flat fields and humble vegetation of a cleaner-feeding land.

All this is in the early days of his sojourn; in the days when news comes up from the base of a man going under with whom he dined some nights ago; in the days when the fever fiend lightly touches his forehead with cold, damp fingers, and passes on. Two or three months of it, two or three goes of fever, and familiarity has bred its litter of contempt. Even death itself settles down into its proper perspective. The coming and going of men, men ordered home, men sent down to the hospital at Lagos to be starved of alcohol and killed like flies in a fly-trap, men dying in a night of fever, and buried in a pit the niggers have been flogged to dig—these things harden a man, if they don't succeed in breaking him. It is a rough school; the scholars are rough, and the master spoils none with sparing. Here you learn the relative value of individual life in simple numerical units—no catchy problems in mathematics; no binomial theorems or quadratic equations—it is all taught you in simple arithmetic on a large slate, from which, with one sweep of the sponge, the figures can be wiped out of existence, making room for others to take their place.

The Lagos Government Railway calls out of England as many men as it can get. Some come leaping for the handsome pay; some because the devil may care; some are driven by necessity—between the shafts, chafing at the harness, but spurred to it, beaten to it, under the whip of need. However they may come, there are not many of them. And whoever they are who go, you will find them back again in England in a year or two's time, jaundiced, wrecked with fever, shaken in nerve; always supposing that they have not found a grave in the swamp-land that stenches through the forest away beyond Abutemetta

Engineers, they are, most of them—the world's pioneers, risking everything to lay a shaky track of rails through a country that God seems to have forsaken and left to rot. In an atmosphere of damp and clinging heat, alternated at night with searching cold, they work at their cheerless, thankless job, only niggers—the scum of the earth, recking of it—to help them. A mile of rail goes down in a day—sometimes more, often less. Then the old antiquated engine comes staggering along with the fresh material, hissing, snorting, shrieking through the deep, dark, limitless forest, and, with a silent sense of pride, these men stand by and watch her travelling her few hundreds of yards which they, by their right and might of manhood, have won for the use of men—the few hundreds of yards out of the many thousands of miles that are left.

When it is a bridge to build, the average distance covered in the day goes down to feet, to inches even. But the first time the old engine rides over the completed span, the sense of pride quits silence, and a shout of Englishmen, that the world might hear, had it the heart to listen, rings up into the giant fern-trees and out through the roof of the forest to God's sky.

This is the heroism of it, the abstract quality of heroism which makes its appeal to those far enough off from the canvas. Come closer, look into the thing, and you will find its reality. Prolonged solitude, the days that pass without the sight of a white face, only the brutal lips and flattened nostrils of the niggers to look to for humanity—the soft, warm, humid climate—these are the conditions that drive our hero-pioneers to the crying need of the stimulant of alcohol. They drink like dogs at a public fountain.

(Continued on page 30)

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La Genée Incomparable

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Mlle. Genée, the famous "première danseuse" at the Empire, who is shortly going to America

Mlle. Genée is one of the greatest living dancers, and her pantomime is wonderfully finished and expressive, while her fascinating manner and the evident enjoyment she takes in her performance make her a great favourite with London audiences

(Continued from page 28)

In batches they are sent down to the hospital at Lagos, where the doctors, fed at the Governor's table, imbued with the Governor's morals, cut off the wretches from their drink as you snuff a candle in the face of daylight. Like dumb animals, they cry for it—cry for it in vain, and go into death with the bedclothes between their teeth—spitting at the mouth.

Our concern is with the realism of it—the heroism, too, for any who wish to find it. Lester was the second engineer—which is to say, the man who does the first engineer's work and receives the second engineer's pay. The first engineer spent most of his time down at Lagos in refined society. For in this, as in all walks of life, the title of a man is in direct relation to the money he earns. Stevenson was the doctor of the district. The district extended to a thirty-mile radius irom the camp, and within that radius Stevenson's practice consisted of attending to the ills of some hundreds of niggers employed by the railway and the few white men who chanced to be working in his locality. To these latter he gave the best of his skill. The niggers were more or less objects of experiment. It is impossible, almost, for the white man to overcome his prejudice for the black. Contempt he feels, and he shows it. The very presence of a nigger stirs the beast in him.

In these two men, then, the second engineer and the doctor of the district seventy miles east of Abutemetta, whatever interest we have is concentrated. Two men, racked with fever, rolled in blankets, sweating with a rush of heat, and alternately shivering and cursing the cold. In the corner of a tent close by, a nigger lay, apparently unconscious—bruised, battered, bleeding—the result of breaking the bottle which contained Stevenson's store of quinine. He had been caught in the act, trying to mop up the pool of liquid that was fast soaking into the earth. Horror twisted his eyeballs as he looked up and saw Stevenson standing in the opening of the tent. Stevenson's language is not possible of repetition. The result of what he did was to be seen ten minutes later, when he chucked the motionless body of the nigger into the corner of the small tent.

All this had happened thirty-six hours before, and now the fever was playing with them as a cat plays with a mouse. The little quinine that was left they eked out sparingly—doses that had little effect. A boy had been despatched immediately to Abutemetta for a further supply, but the possibility of his return within two days was vague and impossible to rely upon. This was a race for life. They sat and waited for the outcome. Any crackling of the brushwood outside, one or the other would jump up and return with a shaking head. There were a thousand odd chances that he might fall in with another camp, and be able to get enough quinine to stave off this attack. The two men had counted on every one of these, as you count your chances at roulette while the ball is still rolling.

Now it had come to the last dose of quinine. Stevenson held up the bottle and tried to grin. The attempt was sickly. His lips stuck to his teeth, and the expression became ugly.

"One more go," he said, licking his lips for the words.

Lester nodded his head. The precious liquid laughed at him in the light of the swinging lamp.

"Well—what are we going to do?" he asked. The words clicked on his dry tongue. "No good halving that—is there?"

"Not a damned bit of good—not enough for the sort of dose we want as it is."

They both looked at it, each wondering why the other did not snatch up the bottle and drain it off.

"Well—what are we going to do?" Lester asked again. "Toss for it?"

Stevenson shifted in his seat. "God, no! There's too much chance in that. I have had enough of luck. This dose you know is probably going to hold one of us up till that confounded boy gets back. Listen! Did you hear that?"

The moment brought a pause; then Lester shook his head. "Nothing," he said. They sat again in silence.

"I'll play you draughts," said Stevenson, presently.

Lester looked up—eyes glittering with fever, sweat standing out on his forehead like shimmering sequins.

"For the dose?"

"Yes."

"You play better than I do."

"Not on the average."

"You beat me last time."

"You beat me the time before."

"Did I?"

"Yes—don't you remember—three kings—you wiped me up?"

Lester wiped his hands on the blanket that enveloped him.

"All right," he said. "Come on—best of three, or one game?"

"One game," said Stevenson.

They brought out the battered draughtboard and laid it on the table, shook out the draughtsmen with a clatter from an old cigar-box, and sat down to the business, as they had done a hundred times before. All the formulæ they went through in silence—the shuffling of the two pieces in the hand. Stevenson held them behind his back, and Lester nodded to the right hand.

Then they began—two men playing a game of draughts for a chance of life. Through the forest of tangled vinous growths that dropped their endless trailers from the highest palms, the cries of roaming beasts would sometimes reach them—weird sounds which their ears had long since grown accustomed to. Sometimes a nigger would pass the opening of the tent, and stop for a moment to gaze in. But they seldom looked up. Each move was made with cautious deliberation; and, at last, when three white and three black pieces lay captured at the side of the board, Lester leant back in his chair.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed with a breath, "I feel as if I couldn't even last out the game."

Stevenson raised his eyes critically for a moment. They took in the bottle containing the dose of quinine as he let them return to the board.

"Wonder what my people will say—when they hear," said Lester.

Stevenson shook himself.

"Are you married?" he asked.

Lester swung his head to the negative.

"I am," said the doctor.

"Kids?"

"Three."

"God!"

"Yes—that's the worst of it. Three."

"My move?"

Stevenson nodded, and Lestet bent over the board.

So the game wore slowly on, and the prize—the bottle of quinine—stood on the table between them.

"Where do your people live?" Stevenson asked presently.

"Nottingham." He made his move before he answered.

"Father an engineer, too?"

(Continued on page 32)

The Gentle Art of Badgering

On the "Qui Vive": The terriers eager for the fray

Two little badgers just after being dug out
These cubs, with their mother, were captured after three hours' digging

Averse to being photographed
A wriggling youngster about to be transferred to a sack

Photos *J. T. Newman*

Digging the Badgers Out: Discussing the plan of campaign

To accomplish successfully the gentle art of "badgering," or the digging out of badgers, three factors are necessary: an experienced man, good dogs, and determined diggers. The man must be able to tell from the dogs' "note" whether the badger is at home, and also in what direction he lies, so as to indicate the spot where digging is to commence. For this operation, good men are required. The task is no light one, and often necessitates hours of hard work, as the animal penetrates to a depth of 10 or 12 feet, and when pressed will burrow almost as quickly as the men can dig. Gamekeepers detest badgers, because they rob the nests of game birds, while many followers of hounds say that they turn out the foxes

(*Continued from page 30*)

"Yes. Took it up when it paid. Not much left in it now."

"He's well—off, then?"

"Draws his eight hundred a year out of one of the railways. I call that comfort—compared with this."

Stevenson took a sip of water from a cup and pulled his blanket more tightly round him.

"Eight hundred's a deuce of a lot of money," he said musingly. "They pay me at the rate of three hundred and fifty here. Three hundred and fifty a year! It sounds all right when you see it on paper over in England. When you come out here and find men going down like ninepins, you begin to think you'll be lucky with half a year's screw and your skin."

"You send it back to your wife, I suppose?" Lester's teeth chattered, snapping the words short.

"Every mail."

"What'll she do?"

The feverish colour swept out of Stevenson's face. His cheeks were blanched. He tried to lick his lips.

"How—do? What d'you mean?"

"If this thing knocks us out?"

"Oh, for God's sake go on playing. It's your move."

Lester surveyed the board. In his last turn, Stevenson had left a piece to be taken. Lester noted it. His next move, then, was almost compulsory, unless it were the game to be huffed. Obviously, it was not. His hand was beginning to stretch out to its duty, when his eye caught Stevenson's hand feeling inside the blanket and extracting a letter from his pocket. Lester hung with his hand poised over the board, while Stevenson began to read the epistle.

"That from your wife?" asked Lester.

"Yes. Lord help her! Listen to this: 'I bought Bertie a present the other day. The poor little chap was given nothing on his last birthday, and, when your letter came with the money, I felt I ought to be generous. Of course, I only spent half a crown. I couldn't spare more.'"

"Oh—that's enough!" Lester exclaimed, thickly. He turned back to the board. There was Stevenson's piece, still ready to be taken. Could he take it? Had he any right to win the game? He pictured that woman, over in England, stinting herself in order to buy her little son a present for half a crown. What would she do if no more letters containing money came from over the water? What would she do if the next letter she received was from the Lagos Government Railway, announcing with regrets that her husband was dead—buried in the swamp-land seventy miles east of Abutemetta? She would be glad even of that half-crown then. He had no particular regard for Stevenson. On two or three occasions the doctor had proved himself to be wanting in ordinary courage. He treated the natives more contemptibly than any of them. But this woman over in England, whom he had never seen—she filled his imagination with sympathy. He found something pitiful in the precariousness of her position. Had any other woman been dependent upon him, this one would not have entered into his consideration. As it was, he felt she claimed it all. She was as dependent upon him—not by right of law, but by right of humanity—as she was upon her husband. If he gave Stevenson the game, let him take the dose of quinine, luck and the devil might pull him through until the boy returned. As yet, of the two, the fever had struck him more hard than it had the doctor; yet death was lurking in the shadow of both of them.

His hand began its slow, uncertain descent towards the board. In these moments he was realising the just value of life: that it depends upon a man's necessity to others, rather than to himself. His love of life itself is no reliable valuation, no justification of his right to live. So Lester sat in judgment upon himself—passing his own death sentence. His hand descended to the board, and another piece was moved. He dared not look up at Stevenson as he did it, lest the signs of his determination should be read in his face.

"Huff you!" exclaimed Stevenson. The words leapt out of his mouth. He seized the piece and laid it by his side, as though in fear that the move should be withdrawn. Lester showed no sign of discomfiture, but from that moment onwards he steadily lost—piece after piece—until with crowned men Stevenson swept the board.

He mumbled something about being sorry—added that he thought it had been the fairest way—then his hand reached out for the bottle of quinine. Lester turned away as he drank it, but he heard it gurgling in his throat. Almost immediately after, he passed into a comatose condition, and with the sweat draining in channels down his cheeks, he fell back limply and unconscious in his chair

It was still night when he came to again. The lamp was burning dimly. Stevenson had crawled into his hammock and was lying there motionless. Lester's eyes wandered feverishly round the tent. His sense of weakness was almost overpowering. His eyelids, weighted like lead, fell down over his eyes again. When he opened them once more, the first thing he beheld was Stevenson's letter lying on the floor. For five minutes he gazed at it, thinking vaguely—indefinitely—how that had brought him to his decision. He had made a sacrifice for a woman he had never seen—the greatest sacrifice a man can make. What else had she said in the letter besides what he had heard. A feeling that he had a right to know dragged him to his feet. He staggered—shivering all through his body—across the floor and picked up the letter. Then he tottered back to his chair.

It began with passionate affection. It went on with passion—the passion of a woman who has yielded herself heart, body, and soul, and learnt, too late, that honour is not going to be her portion in the transaction. It was the letter Stevenson had read from. He recognised the handwriting as he had first seen it under the lamp. But this was not from Stevenson's wife—rather from some unfortunate woman whom he had betrayed. There was no mention of her children. A gentle complaint that he had not sent her so much money as last time—that was all.

Lester flung the letter on the table and staggered across the floor to Stevenson's hammock.

"Wake up, you devil!" he shouted, in a weak, thin voice. "Wake up!"

There was no answer. The stiff body gave no sign of life to the blows that he showered upon it with his feeble fist. Stevenson had gone already. Lester put his hand on the heart. It had stopped beating. With a smothered moan, he struggled to his own hammock and climbed into it like a tottering child.

Two hours after sunrise the next morning, the boy returned with the fresh store of quinine. He found two hammocks swinging dead men, and before them, squatting on his haunches on the ground, was the bruised and battered nigger from the other tent—cursing them gutturally in language of his own.

E. Temple Thurston.

Well-known Lady Players at Wimbledon

(1) Miss Eastlake Smith, the winner of the Covered Courts Championship at Queen's Club this year
(2) Miss D. Boothby
(3) Miss Toupée Lowther
(4) Miss Pinckney, who was successful in beating Mrs. Chambers at Queen's in the London Ladies' Championship the other day
(5) Mrs. Lambert Chambers, better known as Miss D. K. Douglass, who won the Ladies' Championship last year, and also in 1903 and 1904

Golf Notes and Notions

The Open Championship: Prominent Players

In my last article I had neither time nor space for anything except the play of the two leading men. I must to-day devote myself to a consideration of the form shown by some of the most prominent players. Pulford, the local player, came out very strongly, his score of eighty in the third round, after a disastrous start with eight to the first, and five to the second hole, proving him to be a player of the greatest possible courage and determination. But for ill-health, I should say that Pulford would have annexed the Championship on one of the three occasions on which it has taken place at Hoylake, for he knows every hair of the course, and from constant play on it can appreciate more quickly than strangers the sudden alterations of wind which are so puzzling to most men. Pulford, in appearance, does not impress one as a man likely to play well; but the moment he starts, one recognises that a great player is performing. I should say that he shared with Massey the distinction of being the best and most consistent putter at all distances throughout the meeting, both of them using iron putters in contrast to most of the other leading players, who have followed Braid's example in taking to the Mills' putter.

Tom Vardon

Tom Vardon, but for a little looseness in his first three rounds, would, in all probability, have pushed the leaders very hard. For instance, I saw him, at the third hole in his third round, drive two balls out of bounds from the tee, and this is a mistake that a player of his calibre ought never to make. I say nothing about the first shot, but that he should repeat the error was unpardonable. Much, however, must be forgiven him for his superb last round of seventy-five, which secured him a share of the third prize with Pulford. His is not a pretty style to watch, but he is full of power, and is a master of all departments. He remains a player whose chances must always be seriously considered in all big competitions, for he has that inestimable blessing in these days of prolonged tests, a fine stout physique.

Braid Not in Form

Next I come to Braid, who bitterly disappointed his many admirers on the first day of the competition proper. He was absolutely unlike himself, and conclusively proved that he was stale and overdone. He made a gigantic effort on the last day, a veritable spurt of despair, but this does not contradict my main assertion, which was also the opinion of most observers. So rattled was poor Braid by his unaccustomed position at the end of his first round that he actually changed his aluminium putter for an iron one in the afternoon, with the natural result that he putted even worse. I should hardly have thought it possible that a player of Braid's usual good judgment could make such a mistake. Swapping horses when crossing a stream is proverbially disastrous, and changing putters in the middle of a Championship is equally so, for I do not suppose that Braid has used an iron putter for months past. He, however, showed once more what a superb player he is by his two rounds on the last day. His seventy-five and seventy-six gave him an aggregate on the day's play which led the next best aggregate of that day, Harry Vardon's one hundred and fifty-four, by three strokes, and Massey's and Taylor's by four and five strokes respectively. It is possible, of course, that his anxiety to secure a third consecutive win may have disturbed even his iron equanimity. I should humbly advise him to restrict the amount of his exhibition matches when next year's Championship draws near, so that he may come fresh to the great battle. Ray added considerably to his reputation, his play on the second day being particularly fine. He is a tremendous hitter down wind, and I should say that he and Harry Vardon get about the longest ball under such conditions. But if he wishes to win a Championship, he must set about cultivating the one art in which he is at present deficient, that of driving a low ball against the wind. If he can acquire that power, so indispensable for a would-be champion, then he will be armed at all points, and will prove an even more dangerous competitor to all rivals than he is at present. That art, at present lacking, will win him a Championship one of these days. But can he acquire it? Time will show.

Williamson, Harry Vardon, and Mr. Graham

Williamson is another of the mighty Jehus of the game, and considerably enhanced his already great reputation by his display. He is still well on the sunny side of thirty, and must therefore be seriously considered in all future competitions.

Harry Vardon disappointed me in the matter of putting, the short ones still causing him horrid tremors. But his seventy-four in the third round shows that, when his putting comes off, he is still the finest player living. He has now tried every imaginable putter, his latest stage in this heart-breaking pilgrimage being the aluminium stage. But I adhere to my statement of last year. When Harry Vardon regains confidence in short-putting or gets a putter which inspires him with confidence, then he will beat all comers once more.

Mr. Graham was not playing up to his form, and failed to return any round under the eighties. But for his disastrous first round of eighty-eight, Mr. John Ball would have been easily first among the amateurs, and pretty high up in the list. But his rheumatic arm was a considerable handicap to him. Only two other amateurs, Mr. Barker and Mr. Dick, qualified. "Ichabod" must be written in large letters over the house of the amateurs.

Ernest Lehmann

LAWN TENNIS

The Magic Word "Final"

The draw for the Men's Championship Singles came out so badly that people were talking about it last week as if it was a a sort of national calamity, and some were even unprincipled enough to maintain that for an event of such magnitude and importance the draw ought to be "salted." The public know a lot more about lawn tennis than they did, but they still look to the later rounds of a competition to afford the best matches, and when they find that Wilding meets Beals Wright in the very first round, and that the winner runs into Brookes in the second, they feel that they are being had. Such important matches have no business to be anything else but finals. It is true that there were more spectators than there usually are on the opening days, but there was no actual rush to see the two matches I have referred to, such as there would, undoubtedly, have been if they had come later on in the week. On the other hand, there is no doubt whatever that there are many, and grave, objections to the legalisation of the practice of "salting" the draw.

The late John Coleman, the well-known Wimbledon groundman, talking to Mr. Hillyard

On the day the Championships commenced, the death occurred of John Coleman, for upwards of fifteen years the head groundman of the All-England Club, a master of his vocation and a faithful servant of his employers

Photos *Halftones, Ltd.*

Mrs. Sterry, beaten by Miss Eastlake Smith last week

Miss Eastlake Smith beat Mrs. Sterry (6—3, 9—7), in the first round of the Ladies' Championship at Wimbledon last week, but the latter's defeat was to a very large extent due to the fact that she had sprained her ankle a few days before

International Anticipations

I am not disposed to regard the fact that Wilding beat Wright as conclusive evidence that Australasia's second string is better than America's first. There is no doubt that, on the day, Wilding was the better man; but Wright, having only arrived in England a few days before, was short of practice; the match was played in rain; and, moreover, the American pair have come over here with the object of winning the Davis Cup, not the Championship, and all Americans are blessed with the faculty of devoting themselves strictly to the purpose which they have in view. On his present form, Wright may not be as formidable as he was before his last year's accident; but I think that this still remains to be proved, and that the Davis Cup matches, if the weather can only learn to behave itself, will equal, if they do not beat, the Championship matches in point of interest.

Allies in Opposition

Brookes *v.* Wilding was a battle of allies—Australia and New Zealand—and the two men will represent Australasia later on. It was a remarkable match, and one about which opinions differed greatly. It showed that

R. J. C. Beaton

Winner of the Gentlemen's Singles, and winner, with Mrs. Beaton, of the Doubles

Miss Bramwell

Winner of the Ladies' Singles

THE CROQUET CHAMPIONSHIPS AT ROEHAMPTON

Wilding has undoubtedly improved, and that he has not done improving yet, for he has yet to learn how to lob as well as he does everything else. Brookes's game seemed rather uneven—perhaps because he played so finely at times as to make his temporary lapses seem inexplicable. But I often wonder where he would be without his terrible service. In fact, the encounter showed that the service—always a formidable weapon of attack—is daily becoming more and more so.

No Luck for Mrs. Sterry

The doubts I expressed as to Mrs. Sterry's ability to do herself justice in the Ladies' Championship, even if she were able to play, were not unfounded. With barely a fortnight in which to recover from a sprained ankle, her chances were small, and they grew smaller when the draw pitted her against such a strong opponent as Miss Eastlake Smith in the first round. She was able to go to the post, but the requisite soundness of limb was wanting, and she was unable to do more than make a game struggle in the face of an obvious infirmity.

A Lift for Lawn Tennis

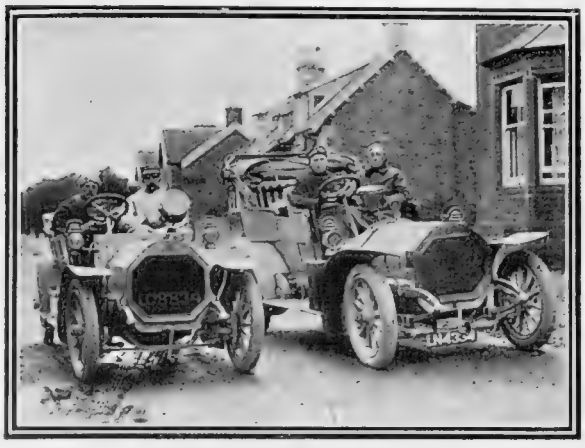
The visit paid by the Prince and Princess of Wales to Wimbledon last Saturday marks the first occasion on which the Lawn Tennis Championships have ever been honoured by the presence of English Royalty. As luck would have it, the Double, in which America (Beals Wright and Karl Behr) opposed England (Gore and Roper Barrett), produced a fine game, abounding in fine shots, clever saves, and thrilling bouts of quick volleying. The two pairs were absolutely level, and of the four Barrett was about the best. They were still in the first set with the score at eight-all when the thunderstorm came on, and although the court was promptly covered with tarpaulins, the surrounding turf got such a soaking that no more play was possible. Their Royal Highnesses were obviously pleased with their afternoon's amusement, and expressed regret at its sudden termination. They arrived in time to see the last set of the match between Eaves and Escombe, as well as Miss Sutton's Single against Miss Morton, but I think they liked the Double best, and after all, as a spectacle, there is nothing to beat a really good Double. I hear that the Prince has consented to accept the Presidency of the Club, and has offered to give a perpetual Challenge Cup for competition in some event to be decided upon by the Committee.

Concerning the Davis Cup

The sensation of last week was the fine game played by Karl Behr against Brookes, which came quite as a revelation after the moderate form which he had shown in his previous matches, and the odds on Australasia beating America have visibly shortened. Moreover, Smith is, after all, going to play for England. He was practising hard at Wimbledon last week, and, though backward to start with, improved rapidly day by day, so that England's chances are by no means as hopeless as they appeared to be a fortnight ago. Smith's style of play is always effective against Colonials and Americans, because it is so different from what they are accustomed to, and his International record for the past two years is as good as H. L. Doherty's.

The Scottish Reliability Trials

SOME OF THE COMPETITORS

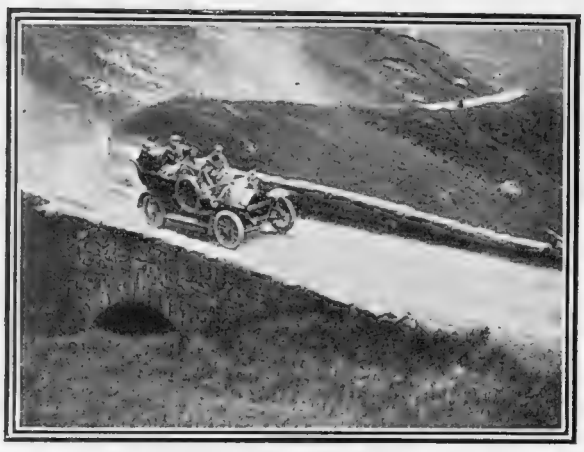


Two Gladiator Competitors

Mr. F. C. Baisley is at the wheel of the right-hand car

The White Steam Car Starting a Hill Climb

Mr. Coleman on a 30 h.-p. White car at Cairnomount Hill



Cars on the Rest and Be Thankful Hill

The 15 h.-p. Coventry Humber

The 14-16 h.-p. Argyll, which made a non-stop run

Photos

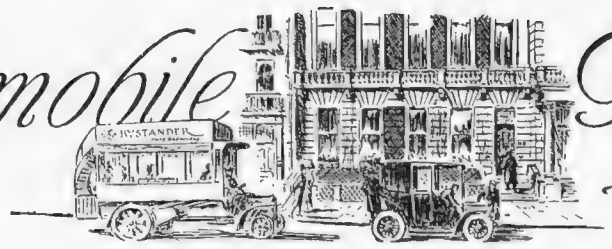
Mr. Frederick Eastmead on his 16-20 h.-p. Sunbeam leaving Perth

Topical Agency

The 40-50 h.-p. Rolls-Royce Car

The Reliability Trials organised by the Scottish Automobile Club, and carried on over 750 miles of rough and hilly roads, have been most successful, and without any serious accident. Of the eighty-two cars that finished, ten cars ran through without a stop, but most others accomplished performances almost as creditable, in many cases only being disqualified for some slight technical reason

Automobile Topics.



By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Last week I had occasion to make some remarks about the dishonest way in which some motor firms advertise their wares. Their alluring advertisements are intentionally misleading, and I fear are sometimes absolutely untruthful. The Ariel-Simplex Company, whose cars completed non-stop runs in the Irish Reliability Trials, have felt it necessary to protest to the Irish Automobile Club against the manner in which one or two delinquents unscrupulously laid claim to wonderful achievements in these Trials before the official results were made known. One firm they mention by name who had advertised a non-stop run; as a matter of fact, their car was *not* included in the official list. Misleading advertisements really should not be allowed to appear in the Press, and firms guilty of malpractices of this nature require severe attention at the hands of the Society of Motor-Traders. Apart from the flagrant disingenuousness of their statements, they do a great deal to undermine public confidence; for, if the public finds one or two unscrupulous firms trying to sell cars under what can only be described as false pretences, it fights shy of many genuine public announcements in the advertising columns of the papers. One realises, necessarily, that competition is keen, and that manufacturers must bait their hook with the most attractive *bon bouche*; at the same time they must not be guilty of saying what is not a fact.

Car-icature—No. XXXIII.: The Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot

Besides being the premier English Earl, he is a coal-mine owner, introducer of rubber-tyred hansom cabs, chairman of the British Automobile Commercial Syndicate, and a prominent member of many other motor concerns. He does not, however, despise the old means of locomotion, and is a noted follower of hounds and a good polo player

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

* * *

The Hastings Motor Gymkhana, which was held last Wednesday by the Automobile Association, was a great success, although the weather was cold, while the great hungry seas made one positively shudder. Many of the cars were most artistically decorated, the first prize for efforts in this direction being awarded to Mr. C. Jarrott on a 40 h.-p. Crossley. The Bystander had the honour of presenting a Banner for cars whose appearance was a credit to the chauffeur—in other words, was spick and span throughout. The Banner (which, I trust, will from henceforth embellish his ancestral halls) was won by Mr. W. S. Perkins on a 15-20 h.-p. De Dion. Various amusing entertainments took place, including a "police-trap" competition and an obstacle race, both of which greatly edified the natives of Hastings. I am glad to learn that the Motor Club

16-20 H.-P. SUNBEAM, side entrance, 1906, Cape cart hood, £350; 10-14 H.-P. RENAULT, side entrance, magneto, £275; and nine other Cars.—CORRY HURFORD, Ltd. (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland Street, W. (Cars run by the year.)

H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W., close to Victoria Station. Sole Concessionaires for Nagant-Hobson and Decauville Cars, Jenatzy Tyres, and Pognon Plugs. Garage always open.

Photo *Topical Agency*

The Scottish Reliability Trials: Cars running through Crianlarich

INCOME TAX.

How It May Be Recovered.

A New Treatise on the above has just been published.

Post Free on mentioning *The Bystander*, from

LONDON & PARIS EXCHANGE, Ltd.,

Income Tax Recovery Dept.,

26-27, CHARLES STREET, ST. JAMES', LONDON, S.W.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

"The Times" system of extended payments applied to the purchase of Motor-Cars without any additional charge to manufacturers' catalogue price.

Messrs. Huntley Walker and Co., Ltd., have now completed arrangements with one of the leading London Banks, which enable them to extend the "TIMES" system of Easy Payments for the purchase of any 1907 Model of any of the three well-known makes of Cars, the DARRACQ, MINERVA, and WEIGEL, without any additional charge to the manufacturers' catalogue price of these cars. The payments can be extended over periods of 3, 6, 9, 12, or 18 months, or even Two Years, to suit the convenience of the Purchaser.

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English Wholesale & Retail Agents for all Darracq Cars, & Sole Concessionnaires for the 50 h.-p. Six-cylinder Darracq.

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HOTCHKISS

6 Cylinders. 40-45 H.-P.

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A BRITISH TOUR

of 10,000 miles under the official observation of the Royal A.C. The car is travelling upon "unpicked" roads, and has already covered over **8,000 miles without a single mechanical stop.**

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TWIN BEDSTEADS

on Heal & Son's Patent Tramway for saving wear and tear of carpets.

Write for Catalogues to

195 etc., TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.

is going very strong, and that the list of vacancies for members is just about completed.

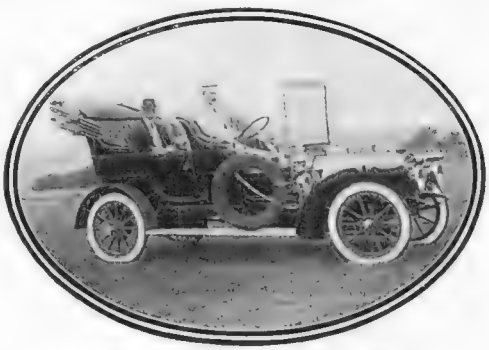
* * *

Of all the most terrible experiences one could undergo, I should say that ballooning in a thunderstorm must be about the worst. The most experienced hands are helpless when the elements are at war, for the slightest movement of the occupants of a balloon, or anything that may attract lightning—even such a small thing as a button—may bring disaster on all. The officials of the Aero Club, who organised the race for the long-distance trophy presented by Mr. Frank Hedges Butler, were very unlucky to have hit upon a day when the worst thunderstorm this summer (save the mark!) burst upon London. In May, when the last race took place, a thunderstorm also spoilt the arrangements. On Saturday there were sinister reports that a couple of balloons had been struck, but, happily, they proved to be a canard, for the balloonists descended safely, though quickly.

* * *

During the thunderstorm Mr. S. F. Edge continued his self-imposed task of driving a Napier for twenty-four hours round the Brooklands track. His record of 1,581 miles 1,310 yards, an average speed of almost sixty-six miles per hour throughout, is splendid. No one doubted Mr. Edge's pluck, but sometimes, though the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak. He experienced some ill-luck, for not only did driving through the thunderstorm retard progress, but the track crumpled up most unaccountably. About the next most unpleasant situation last Saturday afternoon, after the aforesaid balloons, was to be in Mr. Edge's motor, whose metal-work and the speed with which the car was travelling were defying the electric currents in the air.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.



The Winner of "The Bystander" Banner

At the Hastings Motor Gymkhana, THE BYSTANDER presented a banner for the best undecorated car. It was won by Mr. W. S. Perkins on his 15-20 h.-p. De Dion

* * *

Car-icature—No. XXXIII.: Lord Shrewsbury and Talbot

Lord of many broad acres, owner of some of the deepest and most productive coal-mines in the kingdom, Premier British Earl, introducer of the rubber-tyre on hansom cabs, and Chairman of the British Automobile Commercial Syndicate—these are some of the qualifications of the subject of this week's Car-icature. A noted polo-player, a first-class shot, a good man to hounds, and an automobilist since first the movement began, it is small wonder that Lord Shrewsbury's name is known and honoured wherever motorists meet. He has bestowed his family name upon the famous Talbot cars, and the Maison Talbot, of tyre fame, is another monument to his unfailing energy.

D. M.

WM. COLE AND SONS, LTD., KENSINGTON DISTRICT. New Garage always open. Repairs to all makes. First-class Cars for Hire.—235, Hammersmith Road, and 92, High Street, Kensington. Telephone: 3533 Western.

Learn to understand a Motor before you buy one, then you are not in the hands of Chauffeurs or Dealers. Special private lessons for Ladies or Gentlemen.—HANOVER MOTOR INSTITUTE, 6E, GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, W.

Photos *Topical Agency*

Hastings Motor Gymkhana: The procession of cars along the West Marina

Hastings was, last week, the scene of a very successful gymkhana, organised by the Motor Club and the Automobile Association. In the decorated class the winner was Mr. C. Jarrott on a 40 h.-p. Crossley—who also, by the way, won the bending race. Mr. Skinner's 12-16 h.-p. Star was second

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Far daintier than bread or toast.
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No others are genuine.

A Meeting of Giants

The 45 h.-p. Hotchkiss, on the 10,000 miles Reliability Trial, meets, in Sherborne, the 100 h.-p. Weigel

The Hotchkiss car is now undergoing a 10,000 miles Reliability Trial. The other day it was driven by Capt. Corbet, with four passengers and luggage, from London to Edinburgh, the actual running time being only 12 hr. 14 min. The eight-cylinder Weigel car is the only British car competing in the Grand Prix

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Magnification 9 diameters Fitted with 'Iris' Diaphragms **£6 10 0**

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OUR NEW SCHEME. We will allow a reasonable price for Prism or other Field Glasses in part payment.

Send for our new Illustrated Price List, select the glass you would like, then send your old glass to us by parcel post, and we will write and inform you what we can allow you for it, and return it carriage paid if you do not accept our offer.

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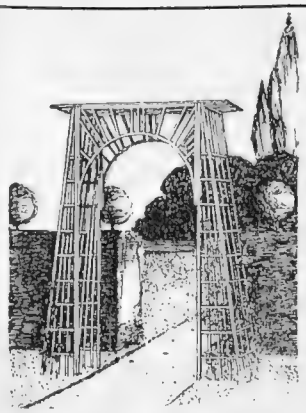

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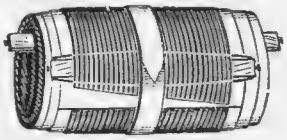

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Full particulars on application.

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WES

Clipping Box Edging

This is the best time for clipping box. If it is done earlier, so much growth is made afterwards that it has to be cut again; if later, the young shoots have not time to ripen, and are liable to be injured during the winter. The modern prejudice against formality has extended to box, but there can be no question that it makes a very effective edging to the borders, especially in an old-fashioned garden. Large flints covered with aubretias and other trailing plants may generally be better, but in some positions box still holds its own. If, as alleged, it harbours slugs and snails, it limits the area which must be searched for them, though, to tell the truth, they can find plenty of harbourage elsewhere. The chief trouble with it is that it sometimes dies away in places, especially after a dry summer. For this reason it is advisable to have some plants in reserve to fill up gaps, and cuttings inserted in sandy soil in a shady spot during August or September and kept damp, will soon form roots. If the edging has been allowed to grow too tall, it is generally the best plan to replant the whole. If, on the other hand, it is cut back rather hard, the buds on the old wood may fail to break, and the plants will die. To lessen this danger, if the weather happens to be dry, the box should be watered frequently overhead in order that the moisture may soften the bark as well as promote root-action.

Among the Roses

The flowers should be picked off roses as soon as they wither. It is a mere waste of energy to let them remain on the plants. As next year's crop will depend largely on the growth which is made now, it should be encouraged by means of occasional doses of liquid manure. Almost any of the ordinary chemical fertilisers, dissolved in water, may be used for the purpose. About the end of August they should be discontinued. For it is not sufficient to obtain strong shoots—they must also be properly ripened; and this is impossible if they are kept growing so late in the season that the sun is not strong enough to dry and harden the wood before the winter comes. The tips of the shoots seldom are ripened, and, in consequence, are generally killed by frost; but the lower parts must be if they are to bear flowers. Budding is already in progress in some gardens. As soon as the shoots are firm enough, it may begin. Some will probably not think it worth while, roses may now be bought so cheaply, but it is always interesting raising one's own. It greatly increases their value in their owner's estimation, and the additional care devoted to their cultivation afterwards is certain to reap its reward in due time. Quickness in performing the operation counts for much, for if the sap is allowed to dry after the wounds are made there can be no adhesion. The only difficulty is the removal of the small heel of wood from the soft bud attached to it. This is effected by slightly raising the upper end, and then giving it a sharp twitch. If this is done rightly, the wood comes away, leaving the bud intact in the cavity in the bark. The latter is then inserted inside the T-shaped slit made in the bark of the stock, and raffia is tied round to hold it in position.

H. C. Davidson.

An Effective Box-edged Border

The modern prejudice against formality has extended to box, but there can be no question that it makes an effective edging, especially in an old-fashioned garden

Tested material and skilled mechanics, working on principles that are scientifically and practically correct — careful designing, and the adoption of any new tested feature that will improve the car, are the foundations of F.I.A.T. merits.

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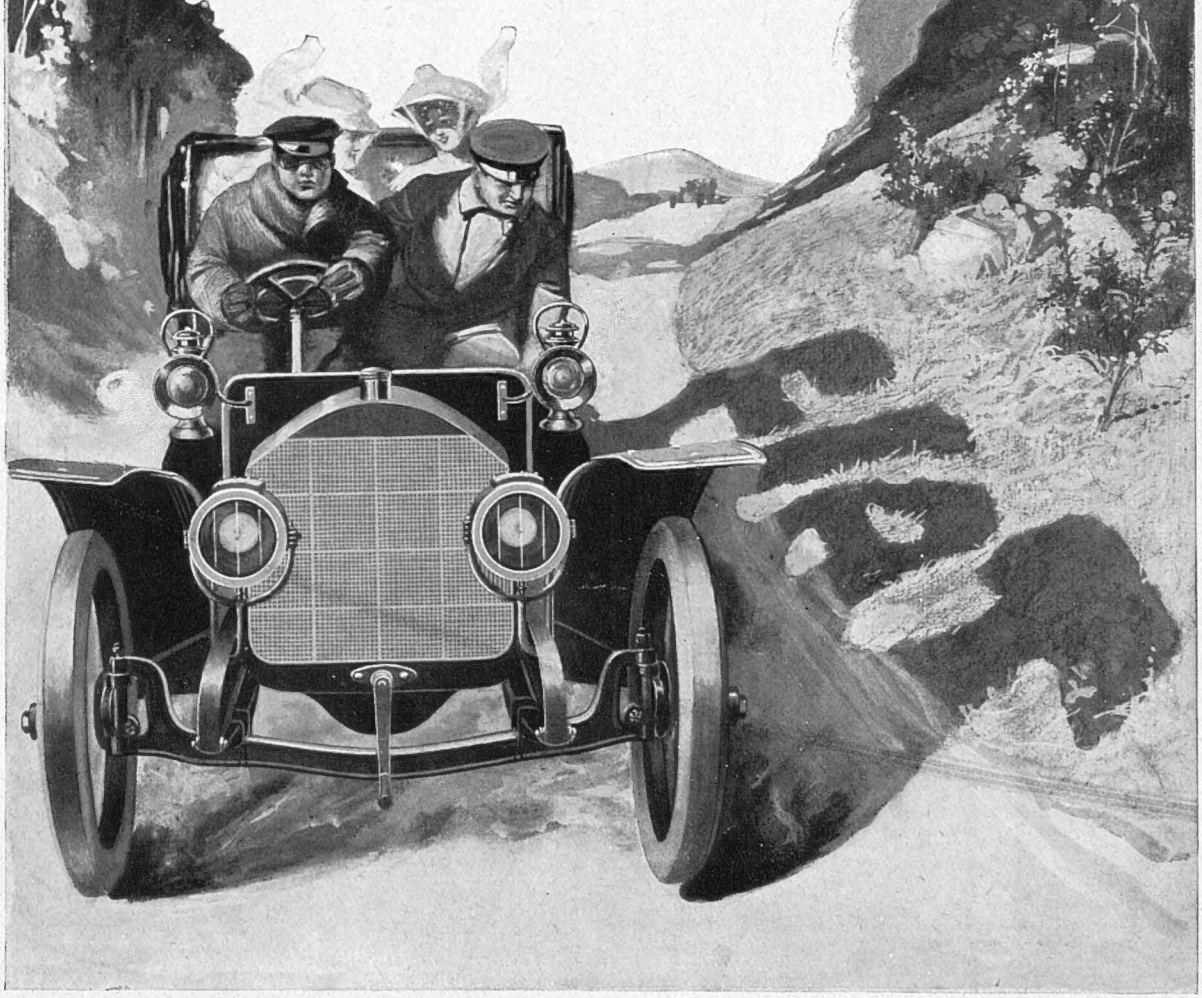

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Every country has contributed of its best to the various sections; some, such as Canada and Japan, are departments in themselves, illustrating their art, resources, and achievements.

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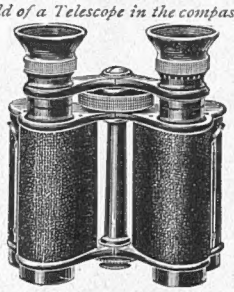

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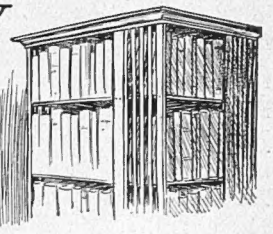

Books to Order This Week

"John Bull's Other Island," etc. By George Bernard Shaw. (Constable: 6*s.*)

"The Bachelor Girls." By Keble Howard. (Chapman and Hall: 6*s.*)

"The Enlightenment of Olivia." By Mrs. L. B. Walford. (Longmans: 6*s.*)

G. B. S. as a Ghoul

A new book by Mr. Shaw places one in somewhat of a dilemma. About *John Bull's Other Island* and *Major Barbara*, now printed in book form (Constable: 6*s.*), and assisted with lengthy and elaborate prefaces, I do not quite know whether to be rude or polite. To be rude is to be like unto all the rest of the journalistic flesh in regard to Mr. Shaw—has not *Blackwood's* just called him an "ignorant jackanapes" and a "parti-coloured ape"?—and, therefore, unoriginal. To be polite about him is worse, for here one enters into a ridiculous rivalry with Mr. Shaw, whose adoration, whose "di-i-stant reverence" towards Mr. Shaw is almost as hopeless as that of any "Devout Lover" of song. By saying about himself in his lifetime the flattering things that should have been left to others to say about him after his death, Mr. Shaw is taking the bread out of the mouths of the professional obituary writers in a fashion that is scarcely creditable to a Socialist. Just imagine what it would have meant had previous great men written about themselves with a tithe of Mr. Shaw's thoroughness. For instance, R. L. Stevenson. Why, I know at least six men who would now be selling matches, or something equally useful, in the streets of London, instead of literary criticisms, had Robert Louis done the Stevenson obituaries with a tithe of the slavish thoroughness with which Bernard is doing those of Shaw. One has heard of literary ghosts—Mr. Shaw is a literary ghoul, whose ghastly traffic, *ante mortem*, in tit-bits of his own obituary puts into the shade Mark Twain's avowed efforts in the same direction.

"Mainly About Me"

The Prefaces are, as usual, "Mainly about Me." In that to *John Bull's Other Island*, Mr. Shaw enlarges on exactly how, why, and when he became an Irishman, and, therefore, possessed of the Hibernian outlook in politics. He separates himself from the Nationalists, however, by asserting himself a Protestant—an Irishman who likes Englishmen much better than Irishmen, only in the same way as many Englishmen prefer Frenchmen to Englishmen. After enlarging on his Irish attributes, he passes to a deliciously irrelevant attack on the Egyptian Government for the Denshawi executions of last year, which is to me chiefly notable, not for its sentiments—these are, after all, the familiar ones of the ultra-Radical section in regard to all punitive measures taken against native races by the British—but because of the delicious description of the victims as "Denshavians." In the preface to *Major Barbara*, Mr. Shaw disavows very specifically any indebtedness to Ibsen, and Schopenhauer, and other foreign celebrities, for his views on women. All, no doubt, very interesting to Shaw students. If I were disposed to vie in invective with other pressmen, the point at which I should attack and vilify Mr. Shaw would be for his cruel, his hideous, his loathsome habit of omitting apostrophes, hyphens, and other necessary adjuncts to our exquisite language. To see a fair white page of Shavian prose bespattered with such barbarisms as dont, wont, shant, cant, havnt, wouldnt, thats, Ive, whats! To see "nothin" and "fillin" asserted as conversational expressions! To see "easygoing" written as one word! These things prove that Mr. Shaw, however ingenious and original as an idea-monger, has little or none of that sense of the visual beauty of words which is essential to the writer of English. His work may live for ever as drama. As yet, I fail to see that it has the promise of even ephemeral value as literature.

"The Bachelor Girls"

Modern life is constantly evolving new types, but as to how far they will be durable depends, firstly, on the attractiveness or otherwise of the name by which they come to be known, and, secondly, as to how literature condescends to view them. If an opprobrious name is given, followed by satirical treatment in literature, then that type's years are numbered. If otherwise—then—otherwise. There is, as we all know, a new type of womanhood, which has as its symbol the latch-key; as its watchword, independence. Once somebody christened them "bachelor girls" or "girl bachelors." So far, so excellent. The word is attractive, and, lo and behold! the species has promised to become attractive too. The next step had yet to be taken. Fiction had not, so far, tackled the "Bachelor Girl." Upon its fiat depended her evolution into entire nicety. If Fiction treats her kindly, and proves her to be a graceful and pleasing, if independent, type of womanhood, then Life will probably imitate, with gratifying results. It is fortunate, therefore, that the first book to deal exclusively with this species should be from the pen of Mr. Keble Howard who, when not writing criticisms of other people's plays, is quite the soul of good-nature and geniality. Mr. Howard's "Bachelor Girls" are quite delightful. Nominally independent, they come to seek their fortunes in town, and take a studio; the one tries journalism, the other fulfils the odd function of a "cheerer-up" to a dismal old gentleman. Their adventures are quite as delightful and as amusing as their truth to life enables them to be. Mr. Howard has the immense advantage of understanding not only the nice-girl nature, but also of knowing a very good deal of the real inner life of journalism. For once, therefore, the aspiring literary

young woman is treated with some approach to truth. The "Bachelor Girls," both of them, meet their needed loves, though, until the end, the course of love runs anything but smoothly. I have spent quite a refreshing hour or so in the society of the Misses Julie and Billie in their studio, and the various young men, nice and otherwise, who crossed their path. An ideal book for a holiday, and perhaps Mr. Howard's best, up to the time of going to press. It knocks the Smiths into—Surbiton.

"Dashing" the Gentle Reader

Mr. Arnold Bennett's peculiar brand of humour is well displayed in *The Grim Smile of the Five Towns* (Chapman and Hall: 6*s*.). Mr. Bennett's humour is not exactly like anybody else's. He dabbles deliciously in trivial irrelevancies and nonsensical surprises. The first of the stories well exemplifies his method. A wealthy man carries a poor boy relative downstairs and drops him badly; years pass, and the wealthy man becomes poor, and the boy he had once dropped downstairs becomes rich. The ex-wealthy man visits the home of the newly rich relative a year or two after his marriage, and—is asked to carry the infant of this establishment downstairs. "No," says he, "I'm dashed if I do." So equally am I dashed if I know what Mr. Bennett is driving at in the story, or why he wrote it—unless to dash your reader is in itself a worthy literary ambition. The stories of the married life and trivial domestic wrangles of Stephen Cheswardine and Vera, his wife, in Bursley, of the Five Towns, are full of humour of a more obvious type. In fact, altogether, the book is one of the quaintest publications of the season, and shows Mr. Bennett in the light of *flaneur* better than any of his previous volumes.

Mrs. L. B. Walford

The Enlightenment of Olivia is the name of Mrs. L. B. Walford's attractive new novel (Longmans: 6*s*.). It is quite a readable little story of middle-class married life, in which Olivia discovers, after due enlightenment, that it is better to stick to a good old stick of a husband than to be spirited away by a romantic scoundrel. VIVIAN CARTER.

Miscellanea

Mr. E. Grant Richards has just published *Gotty and the Guv'nor*, by Arthur E. Copping, with twenty-four illustrations by Will Owen. This is the true story of the doings ashore and afloat of Gotty, a famous fisherman of Leigh, near Southend, who is celebrated throughout South-East Essex for his brilliant greasy pole record; and an account of his voyage of discovery in the English Channel, in company with The Guv'nor on a shrimping bawley. Despite the extent to which this phase of life has been exploited by the inimitable Mr. Jacobs, Mr. Copping has quite a style of his own, and many and long are the laughs to be enjoyed by following *Gotty and the Guv'nor* on their cruises.

Herridge of Reality Swamp is the title of a novel by Mr. William Hay which Mr. Unwin published on July 1. The story is set in Australia in the old convict days, and tells how one Herridge, a clergyman of the Church of England, having done a great wrong, came to Australia to expiate his misdeed by work among the convicts. The book is a curious blend of psychology and strange adventure, and the author, himself an Australian, would seem to have steeped himself in the terrible lore of the period.

Photo *H. J. Shepstone*

The Largest and Heaviest Locomotive in the World: Two locomotives in one

The new 250-ton Mallet locomotive just built by the Baldwin Locomotive Works for the Great Northern Railway of America. The distinguishing feature of this type of locomotive is the fact that it really consists of two separate engines, each operating its own set of drivers. It differs from all other engines, too, by the provision of a pony truck at the front and a trailer at the rear below the cab. This has the effect of reducing the weight on the twelve huge driving-wheels, each of which is 55 in. in diameter. The locomotive weighs 250 tons, and has a length of 54 ft. 8 in. A tall man could walk through the boiler, which is 7 ft. in height. It boasts of a total heating surface of 5,658 sq. ft. The Great Eastern's Decapod, the biggest locomotive built in this country, has a weight of 90 tons and a length of 37 ft. This engine was not altogether a success, and is now being used for hauling goods trains, its huge boiler having been displaced for a much smaller one